THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 45. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PICOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

The British consul in New York has endeavored to clear himself of our charges, and to fasten upon us a counter-charge of fabrication. We were prepared for this. Mr. Hoare is no fool. He knows that even in a case where a man is caught red-handed in guilt, he is allowed, by the law itself, to plead "not guilty" to the indictment.

It was not to be expected that in the case of the gravest possible charges against a man holding the very responsible position of consul for the British Empire in New York, a response of *mea culpa* would be made to our allegations. Mr. Hoare knows quite well that if the charges we have made—and which we shall reiterate week by week until the whole thing is investigated—are substantiated, he will cease to be a British consul in twenty-four hours. Nay, more; he would be expelled by the United States government for having violated the law of the Republic by sending his paid agents into the New York post office to tamper with the letters and mails of a country with which his own government was in friendly relationship. Mr. Hoare, therefore, pleads "not guilty."

Very well. We say he is guilty of every one of the charges we have levelled against him in these revelations, and if he is honestly desirous of clearing himself personally, and the British consulate of New York, of the charge of having employed Jim McDermott to promote dynamitagitation in 1883, and of having sent an agent into the New York post office, there to carry on the work of the secret service of the English foreign office, he has his remedy. The editor of *The Labor World* is amenable to the law of England. The law offers a remedy to all who are wrongly accused to the injury of their good name.

Let Mr. Hoare seek a vindication of his name and character by appealing to this remedy. We shall not shirk the issue. We invite him to step into the witness-box and prove us, if he can, to have said that which is not true. The foreign office is not likely to prevent Mr. Hoare from seeking this redress, because, if it is not sought by him, the obvious inference which will be drawn by sixty millions of American and thirty millions of British citizens is, that every one of our charges is founded in truth and in fact, and that Mr. Hoare has prostituted his office in New York to the lowest purposes of political trickery in furtherance of an illegal, cowardly, and a criminal procedure in connection with the detestable policy of the secret service. This is the challenge which we cabled back to New York on Friday morning last, a few hours after the cable had brought us Mr. Hoare's denial. We await his reply.

* * * * * * * *

[The omitted portion is a matter of personal controversy between the editor of the *Labor World* and Rossa.]

We return to the doings of "Red Jim." After having, with the aid of Lynch, alias Norman, entrapped Dr. Gallagher, Wilson, and Whitehead in London, "Red Jim" left for Paris, via Antwerp. Previous to his departure, he had made use of his experience as a journalist to keep up his "reputation" as a revolutionary patriot, by supplying paragraphs to the British and Irish press, stating that "the emissary from the Irish revolutionary party, James McDermott, was "wanted by Dublin Castle and Scotland Yard." "Narrow escape of James McDermott from being arrested in connection with the Cork dynamite case," and kindred announcements. No ruse that could possibly deceive too confiding Irishmen was neglected by the consummate ruffian whom Mr. Jenkinson had brought from New York for that purpose; and when he reached Paris early in May, 1883, he was received as a pursued and persecuted revolutionist by one Patrick Casey of that city, a man whose name will figure frequently in that part of our story which will lay bare the Piggott-Houston conspiracy against Mr. Parnell.

McDermott showed Casey Rossa's introductory card, and repeated the story which had deceived his Cork victims. He declared he had come across from New York to have the government stores in Cork harbor, the St. George's hall in Liverpool, the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar square, London, and the house of commons blown up with dynamite. He took Casey to a place in the Avenue de l'Opera where explosives were sold, and declared that if he could get a trustworthy person in Paris to convey instructions to persons in Cork and London, he would provide the means by which terror could be struck into John Bull.

He told Casey that he was the illegitimate son of the Earl of Wicklow, and had just come into a fortune of £10,000. It will be remembered by those of our readers who have followed our narrative, that this was the sum which he had mentioned to the home office as the price of compassing the capture of a gang of American dynamitards. Near the end of May (1883) he called at Monroe & Co.'s bank, in the Rue Scribe, Paris, and cashed a draft for 50,000 francs, which was made payable to "Robert Noonan." This was part of the price paid to him out of the Secret Service Fund for his dynamite conspiracies in Cork, Liverpool, and London. That "Robert Noonan" was James McDermott is certain from the following letter, which he addressed to a Mr. Donovan, of Havre, whom he also endeavored to ensnare by the means indicated in the following communication:

PARIS, May 18, 1883.—*My Dear Sir:* You do not know me, but I know you through Pat Casey, Eugene Davis, and others here, and so I crave a favor of you. It is thus: My home is in America, but I was lately in Ireland, and the climate was so hot for me that I left some of my clothes behind me in my hurry to get away from the heat. I have instructed my friends to send the trunk, and addressed it in your name to your place. They will send you also the keys, so that you can have the trunk inspected by the French customs authorities. I go by the names of "Robert Noonan" and "St. Sylvester," but my real name is,

Yours truly,
JAMES MCDERMOTT.

Had Mr. Donovan consented to fall in with "Red Jim's" proposal, he would have had dynamite consigned to him by the spy's confederates in Dublin, who, like him, were a part of the secret service corps of Dublin Castle.

Having drawn the money from Monroe's bank, "Red Jim" set to work to organize a dynamite conspiracy in Paris. He found in Pat Casey and Eugene Davis* confiding fools, similar to the unfortunate wretches whom he had so easily ensnared in Cork. He represented to Davis that he was anxious to get a messenger to proceed to Cork to bring over a man named Riordan, whom Dublin Castle officers were "wanting." This Riordan was a man whom McDermott was expected to catch in the trap he had laid for Fetherston and others. Riordan, however, avoided him. McDermott actually induced Davis to go to Cork to facilitate Riordan's escape, his real purpose, however, being to secure the arrest of Riordan and the implication of Davis in a second conspiracy. Davis was idiot enough to proceed on his errand, and only Riordan had by this time suspected the real character of McDermott, two other victims would have been added to the spy's list, and a further remittance to "Robert Noonan" would have been secured from the Secret Service Fund.

Before leaving Paris for America, McDermott wrote the following letter to Patrick Joyce, O'Donovan Rossa's secretary:

PARIS May, 1883.—*Dear Joyce:* The cat is out of the bag, and what has bothered and mystified and cost me so much money lately is now clear. That old man Tim Carmody (one of McDermott's Cork victims) sold the pass in Cork. I could not be more thunderstruck or confounded if the telegrams of this morning announcing Rossa as an informer were verified. Eugene Davis has had a narrow escape, but he succeeded in making things partially right there, and I hope to do much good still in that quarter, even before I leave this, which will be on next Saturday (tomorrow) week, the 26th inst. I sail on the *La. Germain* from Havre, and will, I hope, arrive on the 4th or 5th of June. Yours, hastily,

ST. SYLVESTER.

McDermott sailed from Havre for New York near the end of May, having, presumably, finished the work which Mr. Jenkinson had employed him to carry through. We have given a very full outline of this work. We do not think the British public will say that it was the kind of work that should have been paid for out of their taxes. To thwart dynamite or any other plots against the public peace is, unquestionably, the duty of the agents of the government. To hunt down those who conspire against constituted authorities is, obviously, the duty of those who are in the employment of the State for that purpose. But this is not the service which Mr. Hoare, in New York, and Mr. Jenkinson, in Dublin Castle, employed "Red Jim" to perform. It was not to carry out any such legitimate task as this that he was enlisted in the secret service. McDermott's mission was to organize crime. He was commissioned to buy dynamite; to place it in the hands or houses of suspected Fenians; to give money to such persons as he could entice into his bogus plots; and to provoke outrage in order that such outrage as might probably or possibly be contemplated by real dynamitards should be "drawn" and thereby detected. We say, emphatically, that work of this kind is infamous and detestable, and that it disgraces whatever government resorts to it through its agents. It has resulted, in the instance of the employment of McDermott, in the imprisonment of nine men, six of whom were Fenians, but not dynamitards until McDermott made them such, and three others who were "reasonably suspected" of having come from New York for the purpose of carrying out some dynamite scheme in London. We affirm that, whatever may have been the moral guilt of these nine men, they were not legally guilty of any crime, apart from the outrages which James McDermott and Lynch, alias Norman, organized with the money and the knowledge of the chiefs of the English secret service, and we assert that these men are entitled to their liberty, and should be discharged as soon as ever the facts we narrate are found by the home secretary to be true. We declare them to be true, and in the interest of justice and fair play we ask for an investigation into the whole doings of McDermott from the time he entered the employment of Sir Edward M. Archibald in 1883 until the present hour.

McDermott landed in New York on or about the 6th of June, 1883. He made at once for Rossa's office. He persuaded Rossa that a man named Carmody, one of the Cork victims, had "sold the pass," and had got Fetherstone, Deasy and Flanagan arrested. Rossa believed the story, and "Red Jim" stumped down another subscription towards "the resources of civilization fund."

A few days after this Mr. Hoare received a cable from Mr. Jenkinson that two men from Cork had left for America for the purpose of shooting McDermott in revenge for his acts in Ireland. Mr. Hoare sent for one of his agents, who was intimate with McDermott, and, in a great fright, communicated the contents of the dispatch which he had received. It was resolved to send McDermott to Montreal. Money was provided by Mr. Hoare, dynamite was provided by his agent, and "Red Jim" was packed off upon another mission. Mr. Hoare, however, had some misgiving about the attitude which the Canadian government would take up towards this kind of work. He therefore communicated with Dublin Castle, and suggested that permission should be asked from the Canadian authorities for McDermott to organize a dynamite agitation in Montreal, Toronto, and other cities of the Dominion. To the credit of the Canadian government, be it recorded, they at once peremptorily refused.

McDermott, however, was not deterred by trifles of this kind. He proceeded to put his old plan into operation. He made use of his correspondence with Rossa and Joyce, and tried to persuade some Irishmen of suspected extremist views in Montreal to engage in a plot to blow up government buildings. He also visited Toronto and Ottawa, and endeavored in each of these cities to induce men into whose confidence he had worked to take part in dynamite agitation.

After his first visit to Montreal, Mr. Whelan, of the *Evening Post*, who had heard of "Red Jim's" propositions, wrote to Mr. Davitt, who was at that time the Dublin correspondent of the Montreal *Post*, asking if it were true, as represented by McDermott to various persons in Montreal, that he (McDermott) was "well known" to Mr. Davitt. On the morning upon which this letter reached its destination, the Dublin papers announced the cable news of "a reported plot in Montreal to blow up government buildings." Mr. Davitt cabled at once to the Montreal *Evening Post* as follows: "Rumored plot to destroy government buildings in Montreal explained by presence in your city of one James McDermott, a Dublin Castle spy, who organized dynamite plots in Cork Liverpool and elsewhere on this side."

This was the first public exposé of McDermott as a secret service spy, and as this cable dispatch from Dublin appeared in the *Post* of the evening on which it was sent, McDermott went into hiding until he had communicated with the British consulate in New York, and received money with which to take him back.

The day following the appearance of Mr. Davitt's dispatch in the Montreal *Post*, the editor of that paper made this comment upon the doings of the spy while in Canada:

"Our readers will find on the first page of this issue a full account of the doings of the notorious McDermott, of Brooklyn, while in Canada, and especially in this city. The mystery which hung around him has been sufficiently unravelled to put him on a level with the infamous Carey. The chain of circumstantial evidence against him is damaging in the highest degree. His relations with government officials, his hobnobbing with detectives, his denunciation by the most prominent Irishmen in the United States and Ireland, every circumstance in connection with his villainous career, go to show that this McDermott "talked dynamite," and concocted, or attempted to concoct, dynamite plans for the purpose of immediately betraying his dupes to the government and receiving handsome rewards on the strength of his own devilish schemes."

McDermott proceeded to visit O'Donovan Rossa upon arriving in New York. They adjourned to a drinking saloon in Chambers street, and while enjoying a dram together a man entered the saloon and called for a drink. Suddenly a loud report was heard, and McDermott exclaimed he was shot. The stranger vanished, and after him ran "Red Jim," who, fortunately, had escaped being hit.

The man who was suspected of having fired was arrested, but as McDermott did not come forward to prosecute, the accused was discharged. McDermott appears from the following letter not to have connected Rossa with the shot fired in Ryan's saloon:

TUESDAY EVENING—*My Dear Long:* I got your letter at McGroarty's last night. I regret—sincerely regret—that I cannot meet you as you suggest. I am due in Albany to-morrow morning. I do not think I will go. If I do not I will go to the Oceanus, at Rockaway, most probably, and if you have nothing to do and can get there I should be most happy to have you come and be my guest for a day or two. Of course you have heard of the terrible affair of Saturday last, and the still more terrible accusation, groundless as hell is black, made against me in the Cork matters. Instead of denying "bell, book and candle" all knowledge or even acquaintence with the poor devils in jail, the idle professors of Irishism are doing their level best to make it appear to the English jury that the men in prison are guilty on general principles. I am disgusted beyond expression, and I mean to vindicate my good name, ahead of time if necessary. Now action speaks better than words, and I promise doing something that will be of use. Our mutual friend will tell you what I proposed on Saturday, but upon reflection I think it would be too d—d dangerous for you to go over in person. Indeed, I am sure it would; and as I am going upon your advice in the premises, to the extent of my last dollar suggest, then, how comedy can be bought or stolen at once, and I'll make good the needful and ask no questions as to why, how, and by whom it was accomplished. I am now pretty satisfied that the shot was not intended for me, and in view of Mr. Rossa's advice yesterday, and what I have today, have written to Judge Smith, saying that I will not prosecute the prisoner. I am weary of all this dirty notoriety, and am going to take a rest, and let time, which makes all things even, do me justice. Sincerely yours, JAMES MCDERMOTT.

*Mr. Eugene Davis, who is now a resident of Chicago, was interviewed relative to Mr. Davitt's statement and replied as follows: "The facts of the case, so far as I am personally concerned, are briefly these: I neither knew nor heard of McDermott before meeting him in Paris in 1883, when he showed me a note-book containing a few warm lines of introduction, thoroughly authentic, and signed by one of the trusted Irish revolutionary leaders in the States. The following day McDermott met in my company Mr. James Stephens, who received him cordially, and who remembered him well and intimately as John O'Mahony's secretary, and an active member of the old F. B. Under these circumstances it was impossible for me not to have put trust in a man with such credentials and with such a record. I had accordingly no hesitation in acceding to his request that I should go over to Cork and assist in enabling Mr. Riordan (then a well known Nationalist in that city, who was 'wanted' by the police) to effect his escape to France. On my arrival in Cork, and during my forty-eight hours' stay there, my footsteps were dogged day and night by detectives—so much so that I considered it out of the question to carry out the purpose of my visit without bringing about the arrest of the man whom I had gone to rescue. Several friends in Cork having, moreover, assured me to my utmost astonishment that McDermott was a spy of the British government, and that the wretch's object was to have Riordan caught through me, I returned immediately to Paris, not, however, without having experienced much difficulty in evading the vigilance of the police. I have no reason under the sun to feel in the least ashamed that I honestly attempted to be of service, as I then thought, to one whom I looked on as a Nationalist hiding from the enemy. Unfortunately for myself, I discovered that I had been the dupe of a knave; but I should like to know how few even of those who consider themselves the wisest of the wise, would not under the same circumstances have placed confidence in a man who was up to that moment trusted by at least two of the true and trusted leaders of the '65 movement. To be duped in such company is an error of judgment of which I can well afford to bear my own share of responsibility."

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

FIGHTING LIKE DEVILS FOR THE LOVE OF GOD.

At the Arklow petty sessions a woman named Julia Russell was charged with assaulting the Rev. Mr. Hallowes on his way to hold an open air service. Lord Carysfort, with whom was Lord Wicklow and Mr. McLeod, R.M., said the defendants, being one of the ringleaders of the mob every Sunday, would be sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. Several other women pleaded guilty to assault, and were bound over to keep the peace. The court was cleared during the progress of the case.

A BRITISHER GROWS TIRED OF A FINE JOB.

The rumor is circulated that Lord Zetland has already grown tired of his viceregal duties in Dublin, and that he has intimated to Lord Salisbury that he would be glad to be relieved of his office.

A LOT OF WITNESSES.

Capt. O'Shea has secured second place on the special jury list for his divorce suit against Mrs. O'Shea and Mr. Parnell, and the trial will probably begin about the 17th of November. It is expected to last ten days or a fortnight. It is stated that the declarations of 210 witnesses have been taken on behalf of the petitioner.

VANDALS.

It is stated that one of the high crosses at Manasterboice has lately been mutilated by American tourists who cut out and took away the central figure of a sculptural group remarking "that it would look pretty on a garden wall at the other side of the water."

A MONUMENT OF DISGRACE.

It is proposed to spend a sum of money to protect the Magdelene Tower, Drogheda where King Richard II received the fealty of the kings of Ulster.

LONGFORD STAR CHAMBER.

John Hoey, who was twice committed for refusing to give evidence at the star chamber going on here, has been released for the present. John Ward and Patrick Ward were brought up and recommitted for another week. Extraordinary precautions were taken by the police to prevent a demonstration on their removal to prison, but everything passed of quietly.

A REMOVABLE PROCESSED.

At the Kildare quarter sessions several processes were heard against Col. Forbes, Curragh Camp for goods supplied to Mrs. Forbes and the children. The judge gave decrees in all the cases except one.

ALL IN A LUMP.

At the Stradbally quarter sessions John Kelly, Sr., John Kelly, Jr., James Dwan, Thomas Kelly, Jr., John Dwan, William Neill and Mary Kelly, Jr., were charged with having assaulted James Moore, John Moore, Sr., John Moore, Jr., and Denis Moore (all emergencymen). The bench decided to bind all the parties, with the exception of William Neill, against whom the charge was dismissed, over in sureties to keep the peace for six months, themselves in £5 each and two sureties of £2 10s each. Old Moore, who appeared very indignant at the decision, appealed to the magistrates not to order him to find bail, as he could get no one to go security for him. The magistrates declined to alter their decision.

"THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN."

At one of the local boards of Kilkenny the following letter was read from an inmate:

"GENTLEMEN: I hope ye will be so kind as to enable me to leave the house. I am going to get married to a good working girl. I fell in love with her the other day when she was picking the potatoes (laughter). I don't know her name (renewed laughter), but she has fair hair, and I think it is time for me to change my life (great laughter); hoping that ye will be so kind as to grant me twenty or thirty pounds for a start and bed covering. I remain your obedient servant,

DANIEL O'HARA."

Alas, for romance, Mr. O'Hara did not get the money and was jilted by the girl.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. O'Kelly, Ballyragget Dispensary, has resigned.

A few Carlow men of Chicago, per Patrick Lyons, No. 585 West Huron street, Chicago, have forwarded $43 to the Carlow '98 Memorial Fund.

Anthony O'Rourke, schoolmaster Culohill, was acquitted at the Kilkenny quarter sessions of the charge of having stolen from the Rev. Canon C. J. Hogan a pair of spectacles value £4.

Prof. Galbraith, of Dublin, died on Oct. 20.

As a result of the recent inquiry into the condition of the Boyne salmon fishery it is officially announced that the commissioners have decided to make a by law prohibiting the use of any net in the river Boyne between Navan and a straight line drawn across the river at right angles with its course at the most eastern point of Grove Island, at Oldbridge, of greater length than forty yards. The commissioners impress on the board of conservators the necessity of clearing the river of weeds.

On Oct. 16 the first of the county conventions, in support of the fresh appeal made by the National League for subscriptions to the Tenants' Defense Fund, was held at Mullingar, and in every way afforded a happy augury for the character of the response which the country will make. The convention was attended by delegates from the branches of the League in the county Westmeath. The members of parliament who attended were Mr. Donal Sullivan and Mr. Tuite. The convention was held in the lecture hall of the town, a spacious building, which was crowded in every part. Mr. James Tuite, M.P., presided.

There are over £20 due as rent for laborers' cottages in Athy union. Many of the laborers decline to pay on the ground that their cottages smoke, and the guardians have ordered that notices of eviction be served upon all such occupiers.

MUNSTER.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

One of the results of the Father Mathew centenary celebration has been that the Rev. P. Casey P.P., has induced the publicans of Dungarvan to serve hot coffee and tea to their customers on the morning of fair days.

VERY DRAMATIC INDEED.

At Ashford, near Newcastle West, a man named Sheehan refused to deliver up his gun to a gang of ten moonlighters. Mrs. Sheehan held up a crucifix and called on the moonlighters not to shoot her husband in the name of the cross. The gang insisting, however, the gun was given up.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

On Oct. 12, as the people were coming from mass in Killarney a written notice was found stating that Jack the Ripper had left Whitechapel for Killarney.

WHITE GLOVES.

Mr. Purcell, Q.C., the Limerick county court judge, was presented with a pair of white gloves at the opening of the quarter sessions, there being no criminal cases for trial.

A "SUSPICIOUS COUGH."

Mr. Thomas O'Brien, whose farm had been grabbed by Garret Troy, at Ring, while walking through the Dungarvan fair happened to stand in the vicinity of Garret's stock. "Detective" Wilson heard Tom "cough suspiciously" and then and there arrested him and brought him to the barracks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new life boat has been placed at Tramore.

A troop of hussars are expected to occupy the Clogheen barracks.

The following town commissioners were elected in Skibbereen: Timothy Sheehy, Michael Sheehy, and D. Donovan. The defeated candidates were Jeremiah Crowley and Benjamin Hill.

The Southern Star is the name of a new paper lately started in Skibbereen.

At a meeting of the Newcastle West board of guardians, Edward Mulcahy presiding, a resolution was passed calling on the government in view of the almost total failure of the potato crop in that union to construct the proposed railway between Newcastle West and Charleville. Mr. Crowley, P.L.G., Bandon, said that before Christmas there would not be a single eatable potato to be found between Bandon and the extreme end of Barryroe.

The business of the quarter sessions at Kilrush, held before Mr. Charles Kelly, Q.C., county court judge for Clare, has been unusually heavy in comparison to other years. There are 360 entries, 90 defenses, 73 ejectments, of which 12 are defended; 2 crown cases, one remitted from the assizes; 21 license applications, and 2 appeals.

There are 64 public houses in Newcastle West, a town of less than 3,000 people.

Hon. Judge Litton, chief land judge in Ireland, lies seriously ill at his residence, Ardnavilling House, Cloyne, suffering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs.

A concert in aid of the local parochial residences was held at Banaha. In every respect it was a great success. Among those who sang were: Mr. Morgan M. D'Arcy, Tipperary; Mr. Michael English, Tipperary; Mr. P. F. Reddy, Waterford; Mr. T. Reddy, Waterford; Miss O'Gorman, Miss Tullock, Mr. Toomey, Mr. Phelan, Cashel; Mr. Rahilly, Miss M. Cleary, Mr. J. Cleary, Mr. J. Gaffney, Limerick; Mr. Lawlor, Mr. T. McGrath, and others. There was a magnificent attendance which included Lady Robinson, and the M.P.'s, at present being tried in Tipperary.

The Listowel races were held on Oct. 21. The weather was delightful and the attendance enormous.

Mr. D. Foley has been appointed chemist to the Killarney Dispensary. The office is a newly created one. Dr. George Hickson, who has been appointed visiting and consulting physician to the Killarney district lunatic asylum resigned the position of dispensary doctor.

The guardians of the Lismore union have rescinded the resolution accepting Mr. Maurice Healy's resignation, and have voted him an increase of salary sufficient to enable him to employ an assistant.

Miss Cullinane, of Ballydine, Tipperary, has been released from Cork jail after undergoing six months' imprisonment for boycotting the Duggans, who grabbed her farm.

A great amnesty meeting was held on the historic hill of Ballybricken, Waterford, on Oct. 19.

John Hassett, Knock, county Clare, has subscribed £50 to the Tenants' Defense Fund.

On Oct. 22 a large meeting of the people and priests of West Clare was held in Kilrush, in support of the Tenants' Defense Association.

McCarty, the policeman who has been a long time shadowing Tom Barry of Kilavullen, is insane. He was confined in the barracks, but escaped and ran towards the Blackwater, closely followed by three constables, he at the same time shouting "Oh, save me from the peelers." He was brought back, and will be taken to the Cork asylum.

The projected railway from Mitchelstown to Cahir via Clogheen is again on the tapis.

CONNACHT.

A NEW RAILWAY LINE.

A deputation representing the towns of Sligo, Collooney, Tubbercurry, Charlestown, Swinford and Kiltimagh, waited on Mr. Balfour in furtherance of the railway line from Collooney to Claremorris. Mr. Balfour said he could give no definite answer to the deputation, but he promised no time would be lost in coming to a conclusion in the matter.

[NEW RAILWAY.

The preliminary arrangements for commencing the important railway works between Galway and Clifden, a distance of fifty miles; from Westport to Mulranny; and Ballina to Killala, are almost complete. The Midland Railway Company of Ireland have agreed to enter on the construction of these lines with as little delay as possible, so as to give immediate employment. The treasury advanced over £400,000 for the work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Leamy and McDonald, M.Ps., addressed a public meeting at Ballina on Oct. 17th. Rev. A. McHale, administrator of Ballina, presided. There were also present Rev. E. Timlin, P.P., Backs; Rev. H. Conway, adm. Backs; Rev. J. Mullen, C.C.; Rev. J. Kelly, professor seminary; Rev. J. Cotteran, C.C.; Messrs. B. Egan, C.T.C.; A. Dodd, T.C., etc.

Messrs. M'Donald and Leamy visited South Sligo and reorganized the branches of the League in Collooney, Bunninadden and Tubbercurry. As in the other parts of the country, the potato crop was found to be almost an entire failure. A successful meeting was held at Tubbercurry in the evening at which Canon Staunton presided. Resolutions were passed in favor of the Collooney and Claremorris line of railway.

A ghost is reported to have made its appearance in a house in Abbeygate St., Galway.

Lord Wolseley visited Castlebar and made an inspection of the troops stationed there. An influential deputation urged on him the advisability of barrack extension in the town.

The house of a bible reader named McNamara, St. Helen's street, Galway, was broken into. Two doors and some furniture were broken. Two arrests have been made.

THE MEN OF '67.

Legends of Boyle and other Ballads composed in Tullamore jail.

In Assylin, that churchyard lone,
Where spectres haunt the soil,
Where banshees cry and night-winds moan
Above the dead of Boyle,
Among the tombs a rebel band—
One night are crouching low—
They met to right their native land,
Now twenty years ago.

Oh, dank and dark is all around
And ghastly shadows wave
Where howl the winds with hollow sound
Above each lonely grave:
The river wails beneath the hill
A dirge that sobs and starts—
In Assylin at midnight still
Might shrink the stoutest hearts!

But stout and strong the hearts of those
That gathered there that night—
No fear knew they when fierce they rose
Their country's wrongs to right;
Where churchyards yawned and terrors crept,
In haunts where no men go,
They plotted while their foemen slept,
Now twenty years ago.

A tramp of feet among the graves
Now startles all the night,
And echoes where the torrent raves
Beneath the moonbeam's light;
The men have answered to the call,
Their leader now appears—
Like hearts of steel they're welded all,
And fierce their greeting cheers.

In solemn tones the leader tells
The progress of their cause;
On truths that strike their hearts he dwells,
And deep is their applause.
"Now, men," he cries, "see yonder plains
Bereft of human souls,
Above their people's last remains
The wide Atlantic rolls.

"For chased were they from plain and glen
To face the exile's lot,
And beasts have now replaced the men—
Can this be e'er forgot?
Oh, no; there's yet a remnant true
Of all our scattered Gael,
And here tonight we vow to do
Or die for Innisfail!"

With eyes aflame and hands in air
They seal their leader's vow—
With one acclaim to do or dare
They shout in answer now.
Above the graves where rest the dust
Of their forefathers bold,
Out rings their cry in each to trust,
Till death has laid them cold.

The hills take up their slogan cry
It echoes on to Boyle,
'Tis heard where tower the Corlieus high
Above the stream's turmoil,
And oft at night its solemn tone
Yet starts the sleeping foe—
That cry in Assylin so lone,
Now twenty years ago!

—*Roscommon Herald.*

The Emmets' Ball.

The Emmet Gaelic Athletic and Social Club will hold their fourth grand reception and ball at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, on Friday evening, Nov. 14. The club extends a cordial invitation to all its patrons, and guarantees them a right good time, although such guarantee is hardly necessary to those who have been present at former receptions of this club.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XV.

IGNOMINY OR DEATH

Eugene woke from his slumbers as the first beams of the morning, glinting along the sea, came in through the port hole that gave light and air to his prison The motion of the vessel, the creaking of chains and rattling of cannon balls as they grated against one another, gave evidence enough to his ears that the ship was under weigh. The rush of the white crested waves past the port-hole proved it to his eye.

He marvelled much that they should have weighed anchor with his execution so near. It was quite unusual, at any rate in the French service, for executions to take place on a vessel proceeding on her course. A floating anchor was generally dropped, and the vessel proceeding on her course on such occasions.

Whilst he was revolving these thoughts in his head the door opened, and a footstep sounded on the floor of his cabin.

The prisoner jumped at once to the conclusion that it was his acquaintance, the lieutenant, coming to make the announcement of his doom to him.

He turned his head around, but curiously enough, it was not the expected face upon which his eyes fell. Instead of the officer whom he anticipated, a gentleman, well dressed and in civilian attire, stood before him—one evidently, too, from his fresh face and unweather beaten appearance, not long on board or at sea.

Noticing the curious look that grew on Eugene's face, he said:

"It's clear, M. Lefebre, I am not the person you expected to see."

"No," said Eugene.

"Well, I trust I shall be a more acceptable visitor."

"I trust so. I shall have no objection to your being so."

The stranger's manner was so affable and agreeable that Eugene was disposed to respond the advance he made.

"It will certainly not be my fault if I do not."

"Nor mine either, I should fancy," Eugene said.

"I am glad to see that you are in such cheerful mood. I hope you have slept well, M Lefebre?"

"Yes, quite well," said the prisoner.

"Notwithstanding your sentence?"

"Notwithstanding my sentence."

"Don't you think, M. Lieutenant, that it is a pity one so young as you should die so unhonored a death?" said the visitor, somewhat abruptly, taking his seat on a projecting beam

"I don't see that I have any very great choice in the matter," said the prisoner.

"Well, I should think you have."

"How?"

"There is no difficulty in the matter. You have been in Ireland on business of which we have cognizance."

The visitor paused, as if seeking for suitable words wherein to express his ideas.

"Yes. Well?"

"You must have intimate knowledge of the designs of the conspirators. Information of that nature would be invaluable to England just at present, and ours is a nation that rewards with unstinted and lavish hand those who do her service. In this case it would be an essential service indeed."

He paused again, as if with some embarrassment, Eugene glanced through the portholes, and on the wide sea over whose surface the rising sun was now spreading a mantle of rosy light. The eastern sky was red with the bright effulgence of morning, and, higher in the horizon, the fleecy white clouds were edged with crimson as its rays just tipped them.

For the moment Eugene thought of Helen Barrington, and the bewitching tints that occasionally crimsoned the delicate whiteness of her cheeks. His eye turning on his visitor, however, brought his wandering attention speedily back to the present.

"Ours is a nation that rewards," pursued the visitor, "with unsparing generosity those who do her service. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said Eugene quietly.

"There are men high in command in your armies and your fleets who can bear evidence to this. You understand?"

"I am afraid I do not," said the prisoner, whose face promptly darkened with a red purple flush, not unnoticed by his visitor.

"Well, I cannot enter into further particulars nor pursue this matter further than to say that there *are*," said the other gustedly. "Now, it can be of the least possible consequence to you, personally, what course things take in Ireland. For a brave officer, young, and in a brilliant service, what possible advantage can you hold out to yourself by aiding a half savage country like Ireland, with a miserable, ignorant, and degraded population? Is it worth sacrificing your life in such an ignominious cause?"

"I think I said before," said Eugene, again smiling—but this time at the awkward manner in which the other sought to croak and at the same time reveal his object, "that I have no choice in the matter. Your officers have doomed me—me an officer in the French fleet—to death at the yardarm. It is they, not I, should fear it—because of the consequences for them. It is not the British fleet alone who hold prisoners of war."

"You are to remember—I say it with all courtesy—that you are *not* a prisoner in the ordinary acceptation of the term. You are and have been—I say it again with all the respect due to your position in the French service and to your present position as a prisoner—more in the character of a traitor and a spy——"

"What!—do you use those words to me?" said Eugene fiercely, leaping up from his resting place.

"Well, we shall not quarrel about words. It is in that light, however, we look on it. We do not hold that you can look upon yourself in the character of a prisoner of war. But, waiving all that, the question stands thus—Are you prepared, for the sake of an ignorant, semi-savage populace like the Irish, whose futile attempts at insurrection might as well be essayed by a nation of red Indians, to throw away your life and the bright prospects that await you, or are you rather prepared to act the part of a brave and sensible man by courting the advantages which are now held out to you?"

"What are they? Service under your flag?" suggested Eugene, with a half perceptible sneer.

"No; there would be many disadvantages in that. *We* could probably neither offer, nor *you* accept, such a proposal?"

"What then?—for I am quite at a loss to understood your meaning."

"It is this. Information as to the present intentions and resources of what some are pleased to call the revolutionary army of Ireland, their prospects and their leaders, would be highly valuable at this moment—not that we do not already know it, but confirmation at your hands of what we do know would be regarded as quite as valuable as if it came to us for the first time."

"You want me to give you this information?"

"Yes."

"And your reward for that?"

"Your life, in the first instance. A draft on a Hamburg bank for any amount you choose to mention, payable in the Bank of France at sight and signed by a Hamburg banker, in the second. No trace of how you obtained, or from whom you obtained, the draft can ever be by any means discovered. We shall place you on board an English cutter which we shall contrive shall be captured by one of your vessels, and you can readily reach France without detection and without suspicion."

"What if I were," said Eugene, turning his eyes fully upon his visitor, "to give you false information—unreliable information?"

"We shall trust to your honor as a French officer for that."

"To my honor as a French officer?" cried he, rising from his seat. "And is it to one who bears that title—that honored dignity—you dare to offer the shameful and degrading proposition you have now made me? Do you think that the humblest officer bearing the uniform of France would sink so low as to accept all the gold your country could offer as the price of his own degradation? No. I can readily meet death—I have met it often before unshrinkingly—this," said he, pointing to the cicatrice across his forehead, "bears witness to that—it was on no carpet tournament that was earned, but amid the smoke and thunder of battle, where gallant men contended for victory with their lives—I met death there fairly face to face—and often before and since—but the proudest death a man can die is that wherein unnoticed and unhonored he gives his life for the sake of a gallant though downtrodden people. If I had a thousand lives I should give them in the cause. Not all the wealth that England boasts of could tempt me. Tempt!—the very idea is dishonoring!—to breathe a word that could endanger the brightening fortunes of her people! I have known them to love them. I have learned to respect their high spirit and their unaunted bravery, and it was the highest hope of my life to die fighting for their freedom. Go! The threat of death at the yardarm was a tribute of high respect compared with your insulting offer."

"There are those higher in your service than ever you can hope to obtain who would not, and have not, despised such a one," said the visitor cynically.

"I disbelieve it. I should mourn the day, when the flag of France covered such a scoundrel."

"Harsh words, monsieur. Were you to live long enough you would see the truth of my words; and see it in the disastrous ending of your boasted armament. I tell you, if all the strength of France were put forward in your vaunted expedition there are those within it who would neutralize it—and not the subordinates either. You see we know all. We need no information, though I would gladly have saved your life at the price of what is really worthless to us, because it is in our possession at present."

Eugene turned on his heel to the porthole, the only parting word he said being, "Go."

"You will think better of it."

"Eugene made no answer."

"If you should—I shall be here for a week—send for me. My name is Castlereagh—Lord Castlereagh. All Ireland knows me."

Eugene did not hear his concluding words. A chill of deadly cold was at his heart.

Could it be possible that the words were true? Could it be possible that there were within the French ranks, high up in command, scoundrels who would sell their country for British gold. His heart spurned the idea. And yet there was something in the words of the visitor which showed that in this instance, at any rate, he knew what he was speaking of, and spoke truth. It is always so easy when one really speaks the truth to see it; one may mistake the false for the true, the truth for falsehood—never. It bears its own distinctive characters never to be mistaken.

He stood there gazing vacantly at the growing day brightening the face of the waters, wholly unconscious of what he was looking at, a dull sense of pain and dread, and humiliation weighing on his heart like a foreboding of unaccountable evil—evil not to himself, but to France and to the cause of Ireland, with which he inseparably linked Seamore.

How long he stood there he knew not, until a voice behind him aroused him. It was the cook bringing him his breakfast.

It was only then he remembered—and, remembering, wondered at it—that the hour for his execution had long passed without his once thinking of it In presence of the unseen danger threatening France and the expedition and Ireland, all considerations of self had completely vanished—quite as much as if he were nonexistent, or a third party who had no connection with himself.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Medise Noctis Consilium.

An Reim-sgeal.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MCAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

Féach mo chóm? nach leabhair mo chnámhnadh,
Ní'l me lom, crom, dá stágach,
Seo toll, 's cosa,'s colan nach nár liom,
'S togha gach seochair fá chobher ná tráchtaim!
Ní samhariadh caile dá spangaire mná me,
Acht stuaire cailce tá taithniomhach, breágh-deas,
Ní sraoil, ná sluid, dá luid gan fásgadh,
Smiste duire gan suit, gan násamh,
Lóstadh liostadh, nó toice gan éifeacht,
Acht óigbhean, sgothfach chomh tobhthadh 'sasféidir,
Dá m-beidhinnse silte mar thuilte dam chómharsain,
Leaghbach, liosta, gan tuigsin, gan eólus,
Gan radharc, gan gliocas, gan imirt mo chorach,
Mo threighid! cá'r mhiade me rith a n-dáidéchus!
Ní fhacas fós me a g-cómhgar daoine,
Ag faire na tórthamh óig dá erfonadh,
Air machaire an bháire, an ráis, no'n raince,
A bh-farradh na d-táuta air bháata liosta;
Acht gabhthadh go sámh gan chaimh air domhan,
A g-cuisighthe shásta o bhár go bonn,
Beidh a cheart am chúl do phúghdar feilte,
Starch 's stiuir a g-cúl mo chaidhpe,
Húghda geal gan geal ribfuighe,
Gúna breac 'sa cheart rufaoi leis.
Is anamh go bráth gan fásail aorach
Thaithneamhach, bhreágh, lem cheárdan ernorag,
'S lomdha luibheannadh, craoibhe, 's éanlaith,
Air m'aprún 'sfogach, t'fogach, *cambrick*.
Sáis cúmthadh, cúmhangadh, córach,
Arda, sleamhaine, air *screw* fóm' bhróga,
Búclaoi 's fáingidhe, 's lámháinidhe sioda.
Fúsaidhe, práisuidhe, 's lásaidh daora.
Seachain? bá ail gur sgeinnidéach sgáthmhar,
Aimid gan ghaois, ná naoidheanach uáirach,
Maglach, uaigneach, uliach, fághain mé,
Gealtach gan ghuais, gan stuaim, gan téagar.
A bh-folach ní raobainse ó radharc na g-céadta,
Is ceannasach, taidhbheach, m'aghaidh 'gus m'édan,
Is dearbhthadh buidhim dam shiortheasbánadh,
Air machaire mín gach fíor umáadh.
Ag rafuce, báire, rás, 's raguirne,
Teinte cnámha, ráflach, 's rabuirne,
Aonach, margadh, 's aifrionn domhnaig,
Ag éiliomh breathnaighthe, ag amharc, 'sa toghaíe.
Do chathais mo chiall le fiaghach gan éificht,
Do dhallasdar riamh me, 's d'iagh 'dar m'aodh'nam,
Tar éis mo chumainn má thugainn mo ghrádh dóibh,
Tar éis ar fhulang mé d'iomarcadh cráidhnais,
Tar éis ar chailleas le cathamh na sgáiuídhe,
Béithibh baibhadh 's cailleacha cártaighe.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

NASHVILLE NATIONALISTS.

A Letter from Dublin Read at a Recent Meeting of the Parnell Branch.

[*Nashville American, Oct. 27*]

There was a very large attendance of the members of the Parnell branch of the Irish National League of America at Simmons' hall, on Union street, yesterday afternoon. The entertainment committee reported that they were in communication with President Fitzgerald regarding the proposed policy of Messrs. John Dillon and William O'Brien while they remain in this country. The branch has extended an invitation to them to visit Nashville at an early date. The committee is in readiness to prepare an entertainment and a grand reception on their arrival. The treasurer, B. McCabe, also received an acknowledgment of $150 sent by the branch to the national treasurer in Dublin, Ireland. The following is a copy of the letter:

OFFICE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE, 43 O'CONNELL-ST., UPPER. DUBLIN, Oct. 3, 1890.—*B McCabe, Esq., Treasurer Parnell Branch, I. N. L, Nashville, Tenn., U S A —Dear Sir:* Permit me to thank you and your fellow members of the Parnell branch of the Irish National League for your letter of the 8th ult. containing draft for £31 ($150) towards the replenishing of our funds, which it is the policy of the enemy to endeavor to exhaust by every device that perverse and malignant ingenuity can suggest. In fact, this is the "plan of campaign" by the enemy, their forlorn hope; but one destined to be foiled, and foredoomed to disappointment by the steadfastness of our people and the generous help of our kith and kin and their numerous friends the world over. The Tory government and the despairing landlord faction, which places its entire reliance on them, and which they in turn support by every means, fair or foul, but mostly foul, fully recognizes that the Irish struggle for home rule and the destruction of the daily incubus of felonious landlordism is now mainly a question of resources. Hence the endeavor to exhaust ours by every mean and malignant device; hence the renewed eviction campaign, the landlord syndicates, both here and in England, to support the Smith-Barry-Curtis-Ponsonby exterminating combination; and, lastly, the present mean and contemptible prosecution of William O'Brien, John Dillon and others to prevent them visiting your shores to lay before the American people the real nature, in all its native deformity, of the unholy conspiracy against the property, lives and liberties of our people, against which we have to struggle. Hence, also, the painful necessity imposed upon us to again appeal, as we believe and fervently hope, for the last time, for liberal help to those who have so nobly stood by our cause in the past. That this latest and most mean attempt of Mr. Balfour, by means of his barbarous coercion act, and his hired and base minions, to prevent Dillon and O'Brien and their colleagues visiting America to plead the cause of our suffering people, thousands of whom are threatened with absolute famine during the coming winter, and to expose the brutal and malignant persecution to which they are being subjected under the present regime, is doomed to fail in its object of depriving us of American support and succeed only in exciting the disgust, indignation, ridicule and contempt of all honest men, your own letter and remittance gives proof. O'Brien and Dillon will visit America in spite of Balfour and his gang of political blacklegs, and America will again give us unstinted the means to carry on the great fight. This is all that is required. The situation here is briefly this: On the one side a perjured government, which has broken every pledge by means of which they filched office from the credulity of the English electorate, terrified by lies on which they were fed, now shivering in anticipation of its final dissolution and of the retribution it knows awaits it; behind it the despairing scarecrow of landlordism incapable but malignant as ever, the only hope of both the exhausting of resources and goading of our people into violence and crime. On the other side, the Irish people, knit together as they never were before, steadfast and determined to carry on the struggle, no matter how long it may last, till they reach finally the glorious goal of liberty, and wanting only the pecuniary resources which the enemy aims at exhausting and prevents being replenished. It is unfortunate, but too true, that in many districts in Ireland the potato blight threatens famine during the coming winter, but we have determined never again to beg for charity for our people, and so relieve the government of the responsibility of its misgovernment and incapacity. We ask for help only that we may be placed in a position once and forever to cope with all vicissitudes, by having the disposal of our resources. That America will again come to our aid we do not permit ourselves to doubt. With marked thanks, believe me, dear sir, yours truly, J. S KENNY,

Treasurer Irish National League.

After some stirring remarks made by several of the members present for the Irish cause, the meeting adjourned to meet on the second Sunday in November.

GAELIC ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

HOW THEY WENT TO CLARE GALWAY.

The first Sunday in October our hurling men set out,
With their camans on their shoulders they gave a manly shout,
They were bound for old Claregalway an opposing team to meet
Who would cross camans with them to see which team would beat.
Now Claregalway being miles away we surely would not walk,
So we all lined up, together, the matter o'er to talk,
Says one, the best thing we can do is to go and take a car.
Then we all with one voice answered, get Hughes' 'Bus, "The Star."
And we'll all go to the hurling, if it was ten times as far,
Rearing, tearing, galloping on Hughes' 'Bus, "The Star."

We took our seats and off we went from Clarenbridge away,
And passing through our little town we gave a loud hurray.
A cheer for William O'Brien and all brave hearted Gaels
Who would care for Balfour or all his cursed jails.
We soon were in the hurling field prepared for Turloughmore,
As true and hardy a score of men as you'd get in Erin's shore,
We hurled against them for an hour and won without a tear,
Then they cheered our team from Clarenbridge and Hughes' 'Bus, "The Star."
We cheered for old Claregalway and cheered for Castlegar,
Then came rearing, tearing, galloping on Hughes' 'Bus, "The Star."

At Kilmore, Galway, the Mullagh hurlers defeated those of Ballinakill after a splendid contest.

The Gaelic sports at Bagnalstown were a great success.

The following programme was gone through with at Cloeturk Park on the 19th ult:

Football—Isles of the Sea, Dublin, vs Ballyroan, Queen's county.

Football—Blue and Whites, Wexford, vs Michael Davitts, Louth.

Hurling—Castlebridge, Wexford, vs Clonaslee, Queen's county.

The victorious teams were Isles of the Sea, Blue and Whites, and Castlebridge. The matches were all closely contested. The Castlebridges are now champions of Leinster.

Football in Chicago.

A match game of football will be played at the Northwestern ball grounds, corner of Oakley avenue and Division street on Sunday, Nov. 9, between the William O'Brien and Henry Grattan branches of the Gaelic Athletic Association. It will be the most disciplined and interesting game of football ever played in Illinois, as both clubs are young, and will do their utmost to win the day. Game commenced at 3 o'clock. Don't miss this.

A faded or gray beard may be colored a beautiful and natural *brown* or *black*, at will, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

THE BREATH of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinion on an Important Subject.

What is the force that ousts disease; and which is the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How far is the regular physician useful to us because we believe in him, and how far are his pills and powders and tonics only the material representatives of his personal influence on her health?

The regular doctors cure; the homœopathic doctors cure; the Hahnemannites cure; and so do the faith cures and mind cures, and the so called Christian scientists, and the four dollar and a half advertising itinerants, and the patent medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—one great difference—in the result is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one grumbles, and when the irregular doctors lose one the community stands on end and howls. —*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered or defeated in the curative process. And the *Commercial's* contention is that it is the part of rational beings to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how far they can aid nature and how they can best avoid obstructing her.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that result from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant, charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed about the structure and the conditions of the human system. Of course "he does not know it all."—*Rochester Moring Herald*

I have used Warner's Safe Cure and but for its timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D F Shriner, senior Editor Scioto *Gazette*, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U S Pat. 257 647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P O Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Both air and water abound in microbes, or germs of disease, ready to infect the debilitated system. To impart that strength and vigor necessary to resist the effect of these pernicious atoms, no tonic blood purifier equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Mass was represented at the Father Mathew celebration in Dublin by a deputation of thirty members of the League of the Cross. They were headed by Father Cullen, president; Patrick Doyle, secretary, and Mr. John Grehan, treasurer.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30, vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gargan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 3224 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. B. A Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 39th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Allport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucek Jaeger, C.S.S.R., pastor. Residence 704 Allport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of 9th Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kaiser lage, pastor. Residence, 936 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Claulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 394 Ashland av

St. Antonay of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 9434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 413 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2234 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara Mothana, pastor; Residence 821 N Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 300 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a.m.; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1409 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 8 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 34 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 137 DeKoven st.

St. Josephat's Church—Selden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. E. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 329 Southport av.

St. Adelbert's—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

DISASTER ON THE DEEP

Collision Between a Steamer and Schooner.

ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

The Spanish Steamer Viscaya Sunk by an Unknown Schooner, Which Also Went to the Bottom—Nothing at Present Known of Her Captain and Crew—Several of the Steamer's Crew Rescued by the Humboldt from Brazil.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The steamer Humboldt arrived here Friday from Brazil. She reports that she picked up some of the crew of the Spanish steamer Viscaya which left New York Thursday and which was sunk Thursday night off Barnegal by an unknown vessel with which she was in collision. The Humboldt reports that the schooner was also sunk, but nothing is known of her captain and crew. The Humboldt received three officers and eight of the crew of the steamer, and it is supposed that the rest of the crew and the passengers, some sixty or seventy persons all told, were lost.

Scores of Lives Lost.

The Humboldt sighted the wreck of the Viscaya early Friday morning. Several persons were clinging to the rigging. The chief officer, second officer, engineer, surgeon and eight of the crew were rescued. They say that the collision occurred Thursday night and that both vessels sank in a few moments after striking. The captain of the steamer was lost as were also the fifteen passengers and a part of the crew, sixty-one persons in all. The passengers were a Cuban millionaire, his wife and two children. Nothing has been heard of the captain and crew of the schooner and it is supposed that they were all lost. The steamer Viscaya belonged to the Spanish line plying between New York and Havana. F. Cunhili was the name of her captain.

Another Account of the Collision.

Friday morning the steamer Humboldt, Capt. Black, from Rio Janeiro, saw the masts of the steamer Viscaya covered with twelve men. The Humboldt bore down on them and took them on board. Most all of the men were members of the Viscaya's crew. A three-masted schooner, bound north at 7 o'clock Thursday night, ran into the Viscaya. The rescued people say that the schooner changed her course when within a cable's length of the steamship. The schooner sank and in five minutes the steamer went down. The passengers were all below deck on the steamer, and that portion of the crew on the deck took to the masts. A boat from the schooner with five sailors in it picked up a lad from the water who had gone overboard from the steamer, and rowed for the shore. It is supposed that the boat load was saved. The Viscaya had seventy-seven in all on board. The captain was drowned. All of the twelve saved were members of the crew.

Seventy-Seven People on Board.

When the steamer left here she had seventy-seven people on board including passengers and crew. The captain of the Viscaya was Francisco Cunill, a trusted and one of the most experienced officers of the company. The vessel was a staunch, seaworthy vessel, and had been entirely renovated and new cabins placed in her a comparatively short time ago. The captain was lost and all of the passengers went down. All the others lost were of the crew. Of the schooner's crew it is thought that all were lost but the five, who got off in the ship's boat, so that the total number drowned is seventy-five.

Methodist Missionary Women.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 1.—The ninth annual convention of the Methodist Episcopal Woman's Home Missionary society of the United States began Thursday morning in the Delaware Avenue M. E. church, about 300 delegates being in attendance. The president, Mrs. John Davis, called the convention to order. Reports were made showing that the total collections since 1881 have been $387,176.12; four new conferences were organized last year; the model home at Marshall, Tex., is nearly completed; there are 74 conferences connected with the work and 2,043 auxiliaries.

The Injunction Dissolved.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Nov. 1.—In the case of Louis Reemelin et al. against Mayor Mosby of Cincinnati, the supreme court Friday morning overruled the motion for leave to file petition in error to the superior court in Cincinnati, holding that "the petition below does not make a case for an injunction." Unless further proceedings are instituted the mayor will appoint the new board of city affairs for Cincinnati.

The Woman Settled the Fight.

ALTOONA, Pa., Nov. 1.—At Gallitain two Hungarians became involved in a fight. They were struggling on the ground, when a woman, who was boiling clothes near by, took up a bucket of scalding water and dashed it over them. One of them escaped, but the other was almost boiled, the flesh coming off his body in strips. He is now in the hospital in a critical condition.

A Failure at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Lebaron, Holt & Co., wholesale dealers in dress and fancy trimmings at 173 and 175 Adams street, filed a voluntary assignment to Ernest W. Kohlsaat in the county court Monday morning. The assets and liabilities are scheduled at $75,000 each.

Walked Into His Own Trap.

SUPERIOR, Wis., Nov. 1.—John Jacob Kearley, a farmer, was found dead in the woods near here, shot through the heart. He had set a rifle for deer, and had walked into his own trap.

An Octogenarian Up a Spire.

A venerable athlete of Leyweiler, who is known throughout Lothringen and the Erckmann-Chatrian country as "Old Vetter Michel," made a wonderful exhibition of his undiminished prowess one day. Although he has passed his eighteenth year, the lively old gentleman actually climbed to the top of the spire of the parish church of Saar-Albeu, which is 132 feet high. There he stayed some minutes, turning the weathercock round and round, and performing a few other gymnastic feats. He then came down again as quietly and composedly as he had ascended, amid the cheering of the crowd of admirers. The athletic world will surely acknowledge "Vetter Michel" to be the champion grand old man of the profession, although less sympathetic critics will probably say that there is no fool like an old fool.

BROKE UP IN A ROW.

Exciting Time at a Bull Fight in the City of Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 4.—The Jockey club held its second autumn meeting Sunday, and the day was generally observed as a festival. In the Colon ring a bull fight was given, at which more than 10,000 spectators were present. Posters had announced that the celebrated Guaname bulls would furnish sport, with Zocato and Ferrar as first and second espadas. The stock from the first fought badly for the fighters, and while Zocato was attempting to kill the third bull he was caught on its horns, spun as though he was a top, and tossed in the air. He fell to the ground and was again gored by the infuriated animal. He was taken from the ring for dead. Later he entered the ring, but was not permitted to fight, and while retiring dropped in a faint. It was found he had three deep wounds, which, it is believed, will be fatal.

The Police Were Powerless.

Five more bulls were let in the arena, but none fought well. The spectators became enraged and fights were started on the sunny side of the arena among the spectators. Pieces of wood were thrown in the ring from this side, which started a general demolition of the plaza. After all the chairs had been pitched into the arena the railings were wrenched off and thrown on the heads of the police in the alleyway. The bull fighters, fearing they would be mobbed, escaped from the arena, and sought safety in the streets. The police endeavored to quiet the tumult and used their clubs freely, but their efforts proved futile, as it was threatened that if they did not desist they would be hurled into the ring. At the commencement of the disorder women, children, and timid men rushed into the passageways to escape into the streets, choking them and causing a partial panic, in which, fortunately, nobody was hurt.

COLD-BLOODED MURDERS.

Two Men Shot Down by a Revengeful Miscreant in Indiana.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Nov. 4.—George Bennett, a painter, shot John Workhoff, a Monon fireman, Monday afternoon as he was walking on the street with a friend, the ball entering the back just above the right thigh, penetrating the abdomen and causing a fatal wound. He then shot W. H. Scott, a carpenter, through the heart, killing him instantly. During the strike on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Bennett ran an engine on that road and the brotherhood men have designated him a "scab." Some time ago Bennett's paint brushes and a coat were destroyed and he blamed Werkhoff for the act. He rented a room of Scott and was ordered to vacate last Saturday. These grievances led to the shooting. Bennett had been drinking, but was not drunk. He does not deny the crime and announces a determination to abide the consequences. He was arrested immediately after the shooting.

SHADES OF CHAS. SUMNER!

Is This the Effect of Henry Watterson's Speech?

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 4.—Miss Florida L. Deaverney, daughter of a wealthy Savannah cotton broker, and Miss Maude Cheeney, daughter of the collector of the port of Galveston, Tex., both colored girls of refinement, were last fall admitted to the New England conservatory of music in this city. Some of the other students objected to eating, reciting and associating with these young girls, and for some weeks the executive board of the conservatory did not know whether to send them away or to take the chances of losing a large number of their wealthy white patrons.

The Solution They Propose.

The directors have written to the parents of the young colored girls asking them to either withdraw them from school or board them outside, and these letters have been given out, creating quite a sensation among the friends of the school. It looks now as though the directors will get into warm water for drawing the color line.

A War Veteran Dead.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Gen. John J. Wright died at St. Luke's hospital on Sunday night. After thirty days' service with the Seventh regiment at the outbreak of the civil war Gen. Wright organized a company in the Fifty-first regiment of volunteers (Shepard Rifles), to the colonelcy of which he mounted by successive steps, finally becoming a brigadier general. His bravery was conspicuous in every action in which he took part.

Want to Locate Near Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—A party of gentlemen from New York city have been looking over a large tract of land just south of the Little Calumet river at New Chicago, with a view to locating woolen mills there. Three of the incorporators of the new company are C. S. Downs, J. W. Cochran and J. Watt, of New York. It is understood that the capital stock of the new company which has been incorporated in New York is $200,000.

The Price of Silver.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 4.—The treasury department Monday purchased 515,000 ounces of silver as follows: Forty thousand ounces at $1.0640; 50,000 ounces at 1.0655; 200,000 ounces at $1.0665; 175,000 ounces at $1.0670.

Would Tax the Capitalists.

PARIS, Nov. 4.—In the chamber of deputies MM. Robier and Gillard will introduce a proposal to levy on capital a tax sufficient to produce $300,000,000. The proposed tax is intended to take the place of other imposts.

He Was Sensitive on That Point.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Nov. 4.—M. L. West was shot and killed seven miles from here Monday by A. J. McPeak. West had testified in a land claim case that McPeak was a "sooner."

The Tipperary Trials.

TIPPERARY, Nov. 4.—The crown concluded its case against the accused Nationalists Monday, and the trial was adjourned for one week to enable the defence to prepare their side for presentation.

Struck a Fifteen-Barrel Well.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Nov. 4.—The first well in the new oil field in Island Creek township, Jefferson county, six miles from this city, came in Monday. It flowed fifteen barrels in one hour.

Cook County Well Represented.

JOLIET, Ills., Nov. 4.—Fifty-six convicts will be discharged from the prison this month, twenty-three of whom are from Cook county.

THE POPULATION BY STATES.

A Table That Shows You How Many There Are of You.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 1.—The first report on the national population was completed Friday. Superintendent Porter presents therein the following table showing the population of each state and territory and the increase since 1880. It will be observed that the census superintendent has grouped the states into five divisions, each of which he says presents particular conditions of development. For instance, in the north Atlantic group manufactures take the lead, in the western division mining and grazing are the principal industries, while in south Atlantic and southern central groups it is agriculture.

	Pop.	Inc.		Pop.	Inc.
NORTHERN CENTRAL DIVISION.					
Ohio	3,668,719	466,657	Iowa	1,912,729	28,114
Ind.	2,189,070	210,719	Mo.	2,677,084	508,700
Illinois	3,818,536	740,965	N. D.	182,425	145,546
Mich.	2,089,799	452,85	S. D.	287,848	229,580
Wis.	1,683,69	368,200	Neb.	1,056,793	604,201
Minn	1,3 0,017	519,744	Kansas	1,428,085	527,399
NORTH ATLANTIC DIVISION.					
Maine	660,261	11,325	Conn	745,861	123,161
N. H.	375,8 7	29,8 6	N. Y.	5,981,9 4	899,069
Vt.	332,205	61	N. J.	1,441,917	309,9 9
Mass.	2,23,,497	450,323	Penn.	5,248,574	965,883
R. I.	345,343	68,812			
SOUTH ATLANTIC DIVISION.					
Del	167,871	21,,93	N. C.	1,617,340	217,520
Md	1,040,441	105,488	S. C.	1,147,191	151,,94
D. C.	229,796	52,172	Ga.	1,834,366	292,186
Va.	1,648,911	136,346	Fla.	390,345	130,949
W. Va.	760,446	141,991			
SOUTHERN CENTRAL DIVISION.					
Ky.	1,855,4 6	216,746	La.	1,116,828	176,882
Tenn	1,76 ,723	221,,94	Texas	2,23 ,220	640,471
Ala.	1,508,073	245,568	Okla.	61,701	61,701
Miss.	1,2,4,887	15 ,290	Ark.	1,125,385	332,800
WESTERN DIVISION.					
Mont.	131,7 9	9,,610	Nev.	44,327	*17,939
Wyo.	6,,509	29,800	Idaho.	84,229	51,619
Colo.	41 ,975	216,648	Wash.	349,516	274,400
N. M.	144,,82	25,257	Ore.	312,490	137,722
A. T.	59,1 1	19,,51	Cala.	1,204,002	339,308
Utah	1 3,498	62,535			

* Decrease.

THE MILITARY IN IRELAND.

A Change in Heads That Looks Somewhat Significant.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—While Balfour has been actively engaged in examining the condition of the people in the districts most likely to be visited by famine, Gen. Wolseley has been no less active in the inspection of the troops and in putting the British forces in Ireland in readiness for any service that may be requisite. The office of commander of the forces in Ireland has for a number of years been a sinecure held by some hanger-on of the royal family, the latest being Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, a German with an English wife having a strain of royal blood.

Wolseley Hard at Work.

Prince Edward, a pleasant, good-natured nobleman, was content to draw the pay and leave the hard work to his subordinates. Now, however, just when the government shows a determination to crush the National league and the plan of campaign Gen. Wolseley, the ablest of English commanders, takes the place of the princely figure-head, the regiments are strengthened with recruits from England and Scotland, and the military establishment is put on a footing in preparation for any emergency.

A RAGING CONFLAGRATION.

Flames at Chillicothe, Ills., Cause a Loss of $200,000.

PEORIA, Ills., Nov. 1.—At 11 o'clock Friday night the city of Chillicothe, ten miles above here, was reported to be burning. The fire started in a livery stable, and soon it appeared that the entire business portion of the city was in danger of being swept away. The fire was finally brought under control at 4 o'clock Saturday morning. The loss will not fall short of $200,000, on which there is only a partial insurance. The Peoria fire company with an engine and a hose cart arrived at 1 o'clock and did noble work in keeping the fire from spreading and in eventually suppressing it entirely. The city is desolate and will need the help of sister cities.

Death of Rev. Henry Morton.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1.—The Rev. Dr. Henry J. Morton, rector emeritius of St. James' Protestant Episcopal church died Saturday. Dr. Morton was born in New York city Sept. 28, 1807. He gratuated from the Theological seminary at Chelsea, N. Y., in 1836 and was ordained in July of that year by Bishop Hobert. He was admitted to priest's orders next year and served acceptably as assistant minister for five years. In this first and only charge he remained for over half a century. Dr. Morton leaves three daughters and one son. The latter, Professor Henry Morton, is president of the Stevens institute, Hoboken.

A Child Burned to Death.

PEORIA, Ills., Nov. 3.—Mrs. James H. Carico was engaged Sunday in cleaning a carpet with gasoline, while on a bed in the same room lay a little baby. In some manner the gasoline caught fire and spread over the room. It so frightened the woman she went screaming from the room, forgetting her child. The fire department extinguished the blaze, but when the infant was rescued it was found to be terribly burned. Its eyes were burned out, and its fingers burned off, and it died Sunday evening.

Cowardly Assault with a Knife.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 1.—Jamey Fahey cut and probably fatally wounded Edward Toohey in a saloon Friday. Toohey was fighting with one Thomas Thatching when Fahey jumped in and made a vicious lunge at Toohey with a big knife. The blade entered Toohey's stomach about the center and was drawn to the left, inflicting a deep wound, probably eight inches long. Fahey and Thatching were arrested.

San Francisco Hotel Destroyed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 3.—Fire was discovered at 3 o'clock in the morning in Henter Bros. & Co.'s paint shop under the Grand hotel. The fire spread rapidly and the hotel was soon in flames. There was great excitment among the guests but they all escaped safely. The hotel was entirely destroyed. The loss is estimated at over $200,000.

The Count Leaves for Home.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The Count of Paris and suite sailed for home Saturday morning on the Servia. His last social visit before leaving was to Mrs. Grant. To the personal friends who went on board the steamer to bid him bon voyage he expressed his warmest thanks for the kind attentions shown him in America.

Mr. White Will Take Charge.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—Mr. White, who has returned to the American legation in this city, will take charge of its affairs until the return from the United States of Minister Lincoln.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A bill has been introduced in the French chamber of deputies imposing a heavy tax on crests and titles of nobility.

Chief Left-Hand Thunder of the Lower Brule Sioux was married Monday at the agency in Chamberlain, S. D., to one of the belles of the Sioux nation.

The steamer Mackinaw burned to the water's edge Tuesday morning at Black River, Wis. She was valued at $12,000, and was partly insured.

Arrangements were perfected Tuesday for the exhibition of the famous trotting stallion Nelson (2:10½), in the American horse show at Chicago.

Fire started in H. S. Collins' jewelry store, at Eureka Springs, Ark., Tuesday morning, and destroyed it with thirty-seven other business buildings, causing a loss of $300,000, with a total insurance of $7,000.

At Williamsburg, Ky., Monday, Sheriff W. M. A. Moore, in a political quarrel, shot through the neck John Thomas, the town marshal. It is feared the wound will prove fatal.

Three Chicago crooks robbed a jewelry store in Nashville, Tenn., at 4:30 a. m. Tuesday morning, were arrested, indicted, tried, sentenced to three years in prison, and started to the penitentiary at 10:10 p. m. the same day.

Mrs. Davis, Miss Mary Garrett, and their associates have raised $100,000 to found a medical college into which women will be admitted.

Extensive blight is reported by growers of potatoes in New York state.

The national convention of trainmen, in session at Los Angeles, Cala., unanimously approved the plan of federation and a supreme council devised in Chicago in 1889.

The rate of state taxes in Illinois for 1890 is 35 cents on each $100, 2 cents less than last year.

Two little girls, Mary, aged 11, and Annie, aged 6, daughters of Dennis Finneran, of Boston, have been missing since Oct. 16. On the afternoon of that day they visited their grandfather, Patrick Finneran, who lives some distance from their homes. They remained there until 11 o'clock at night, when they started home alone. Since then they have not been seen.

In a quarrel in a disreputable house in Nashville, Tenn., Will Tippens crushed Felix McGee's skull, the victim dying in a few minutes.

Louisville defeated the Brooklyns Tuesday, 6 to 2, thus making a tie of the championship series, each club having won three games. Owing to continual cold weather the contest has been postponed until spring.

Tuesday morning at Memphis, Lewis Thomas (colored), while sleeping by the side of his wife, was slain with an ax, wielded by an unknown person. A man named Frank Shelton is suspected.

Simon Gleeson and Alice Sadler refused to testify in the Tipperary riots trials Wednesday when called by the crown, and were committed for contempt.

The body of George W. Crim, a wealthy farmer living near Adairville, Ky., was found Monday riddled with buckshot.

St. Joseph's Catholic church at Delphos, Ohio, was broken into Wednesday morning, the thieves securing two gold chalices and other altar vessels of solid gold, which are very valuable.

Miss Margaret Foley, 75 years old, committed suicide in her room in Baltimore Wednesday by asphyxiating herself with gas. She had lost nearly all her property and feared poverty.

Upon the handsome ship's bell presented the new cruiser Newark, by the citizens of Newark, N. J., is inscribed: "We manage the shop—you defend the shore."

The assets of R. G. Peters, the insolvent lumber and salt man, are given as $6,348,322, which is taken to indicate that everybody will be paid in full.

Incorporation papers of a new tobacco company, comprising nearly all the leading warehousemen of Louisville and Cincinnati, were filed Wednesday at the former city. The capital stock is $4,000,000.

Wednesday Benjamin Franklin Sherman died at New York, aged 49. He made a fortune during the war by importing gunny bags, which he sold to the government to be used as fortifications when filled with sand.

R. Boseman and Cy Allen were fatally injured and Bozeman's flouring mills at Marion, Kan., wrecked Wednesday by the bursting of a boiler.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in session at Pittsburg, have voted against federation with other railway employes, but, in case of a strike, each of the forty-five have been given authority to act as they may deem proper.

The report of the treasurer of Cornell university shows an endowment of $6,000,000 and an income of $500 000. Henry W. Sage has given in all about $1,000,000.

After balloting for five weeks the Republican conference at Williamsport, of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania district, Wednesday morning nominated A. C. Hopkins for congress.

While walking down a Denver, Colo., street Wednesday John W. Duffy was seized with a violent hemorrhage and died, medical assistance proving unavailing.

In fourteen states of this country women may vote for municipal officers and at school elections, and in some of them hold office in school districts.

Tony Hart, the well-known actor, was reported precariously ill at the Massachusetts insane asylum and his death is expected at any moment.

A dividend of 2 per cent., payable Nov. 15, was declared Thursday by the United States Express company.

Mrs. Gen. Grant's eyesight is very poor and her maid is writing her book of reminiscences from dictation.

James D. Howeth, a real estate agent in Galveston, Tex., has been arrested charged with negotiating notes with forged signatures. The amounts will aggregate $100,000 it is thought.

Louis Wolf was arrested at Grand Rapids, Mich., Thursday as a common drunkard. Six years ago he was worth $300,000.

The striking employes of the lace factories of Calais have secured the bulk of their demands.

Washington Avenue M. E. church of Kansas City voted Thursday night—71 to 19—to grant female members legislative functions and responsibilities.

It is said that the Farmers' Alliance has lodges in thirty-five states, with a membership of 2,000,000.

Nearsightedness is overrunning the French people as well as the Germans. Among the senior boys in the different French colleges more than 46 per cent. are nearsighted.

While two Hungarians were fighting Wednesday at Gallitzin, Pa., a woman who was washing clothes near by dashed a bucket of boiling water over the combatants, one of whom was so badly scalded that the flesh peeled from his body in strips.

Gen. Groesses of Russia has issued an order to the police, commanding rigid adherence to the letter of the anti-Jewish law, and saying that they must compel the families of Jews expelled from the empire or transferred from one part of it to another, to accompany them.

The Central Distilling company, with a capital of $150,000, was organized at St. Louis Thursday by wholesale liquor dealers who wish to be independent of the trust.

John Sherman addressed a political meeting in Cincinnati, Governor Campbell spoke at Findlay, Ohio, and Speaker Reed talked politics at Adrian and Detroit, Mich., Thursday.

The strike of the journeymen freestone cutters at Boston has been declared off.

John W. January, who is known throughout the United States as the man who cut his own feet off in Andersonville prison and saved his own life, has become an actor. He has joined a troupe, and will play the leading role in a drama called "The Rank and File; or, An American Soldier."

Miss Mary McDermett has been missing from Lewistown, Ills., since July 3, and it is feared she has been murdered.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which was in session in Pittsburg, has adjourned.

Kelchosky, a young Russian who recently escaped from exile in Siberia and reached London, said that two prisoners were recently condemned to solitary confinement because they had in their possession clippings from American newspapers containing criticisms on Russian outrages.

Christe Langguth, of St. Peter, Minn., shot himself to death Friday morning. Liquor and despondency were the causes.

Mrs. Lewis D. Linderman, who settled in northern Illinois in 1834, died at her home in Winnebago county Friday aged 81.

Peter Hess, a farmer living near Bloomington, Ill., tried to commit suicide Friday by taking poison. He was recently arrested on a charge of stealing wheat, and simultaneously his wife began proceedings for divorce.

Herman Topen, while drunk at Brooklyn, N. Y., forced his wife and child out of their home and set fire to their household articles.

Arrangements are making for the greatest annual fall sporting event, the foot-ball tussle between Yale and Princeton. It will be played Thanksgiving Day afternoon at the Eastern Park grounds, Brooklyn.

Cargoes of Maine ice cannot be sold for enough to pay the freight in N. York, although consumers are still charged high prices.

The state geologist says the iron ore fields of eastern Texas will yield 4,000,000 tons to the square mile.

Two hundred and four American carpet mills, running 11,000 looms, employing 43,000 hands, made, in the year 1889, 76,800,000 yards of carpet.

A farmer in Van Buren, Pa., owns three apple orchards. On one tree this year were fifteen bushels. All the others together bore not more than a bushel.

A Toronto paper figures out that the drunkards of that city lost $191,683 in wages last year.

A man of thirty years arrested at Williamsport, Pa., for larceny, gave his occupation as that of a dude.

Speaker Reed addressed the Republicans of Elmira, N. Y., Friday.

Auguste, a picker-up of cigar ends, has just died in Paris, leaving behind him the respectable sum of 100,000 francs, which, it is narrated, he amassed from his occupation.

The number of Italians in New York city is roughly estimated at 40,000.

The mines along the Union Pacific railway now produce over 1,400,000 tons of coal annually, and the owners are preparing for a much larger output.

George Robardge, a farmer living in South St. Paul, Minn., shot and killed B. F. Rogers, fatally wounded W. E. Rogers, Sunday, his first victim's brothers, and then blew his own head off.

Satchleben and Allen, two American athletes who are making a tour of the world on bicycles, left Nice Saturday for San Remo.

It is said that in the river approach to Lake Nicaragua and in the lake itself are to be found what are said to be the only fresh water sharks known.

Count von Moltke will devote to charity birthday contributions amounting to 160,000 marks.

It is proposed in Spokane Falls to erect a statue of John Jacob Astor, who made the first settlement in that region in 1812.

Miss Lizzie G. Smith, known as the modern martyr, who has been a helpless invalid fifty-five years, died at her home in Williamantic, Conn., Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Howland, wife of a prominent lawyer at Jefferson, Ohio, was killed by a freight train there Saturday night. She was crossing the track when a freight train approached within a few feet of her. Fright caused her to faint on the track and she was mangled to death.

By a recent session of the supreme court of Illinois the Rev. Henry G. Perry, of the Chicago Episcopal clergy, was regularly licensed and admitted as an attorney and counselor at law in this state. He continues, however, in active discharge of duty as a resident priest of the church in Chicago.

In the municipal elections in England and Wales where the results turned on politics the Conservatives gained fifty-nine seats and the Liberals eighty-seven.

Near Coolidge, N. M., in a quarrel over the possession of household goods, Joe Hatch shot and killed Joe Lewis.

Bismarck is going to establish a brewery at Frederichsruhe. That is, he will rent the ground with the privilege of buying the plant in fifty years.

Oct. 22, at Cincinnati, assaulted his mother. Sunday she died and Kelly was locked up charged with murder.

By the recent sudden death of Mr. L. A. Robinson in Brooklyn, Judge Strong, of Starucca, Wayne county, Pa., falls heir to property valued at $1,000,000.

The Choctaw nation of Indians has passed a law disfranchising any member of that tribe taking the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States.

SECOND HAND SHOES.

Where They Come From, Where They Are Sold and What They Cost.

Nearly everything is sold at second hand in New York. It is easy to understand why there is a market for finery, for pianos, for jewelry and for clothing, for which prices are high and vary a great deal, but shoes are sold so cheaply when new that trade in shoes at second hand should be small. Yet it is a fact that there is a very large trade in second hand boots and shoes, mostly shoes, because boots are worn by few at present. The second hand shoe stores are in basements in the poorest quarters of the city.

They are generally in the neighborhood of second hand clothing stores, but are distinct from them. Sometimes, however, bargains in second hand shoes are to be found in second hand clothing stores, but they are odd pairs and an assortment is seldom supplied. On the east side and in the First ward are many second hand shoe stores, and in the bend at Sixth Avenue and Carmine street is quite a colony. Many of them are kept by Hebrews and almost invariably the proprietor is a cobbler, who occupies his time mending shoes, either for his own customers or some other shop. All sorts and sizes of shoes, representing the fashions of the past ten years or longer, may be found for all ages and both sexes. They are kept cleanly blacked.

Many of these shoes are from ash barrels and garbage boxes, having been discarded as past the worth of mending. About the 1st of May there is a harvest of old shoes, thrown out by tidy housekeepers and picked up by the ragpickers, who send them to the second hand shops. Many men buy cheap shoes purposely, because they do not like to wear shoes a long time. They discard them without half soling. As long as shoes are repairable on the uppers they are of service to the second hand men, who patiently patch and mend them and make them worth selling.

Some of the second hand shops are patronized by Hebrews, others by Italians, and some by colored people. Many servants get shoes from their employers and have them mended, thereby getting better articles than they could afford to buy new.

The prices of these second hand shoes are low. It is almost a rule that the price shall be only a trifle more than the cost of mending. Twenty-five cents a pair is not an unusual price. A dollar a pair is a large price. The cost of shoes is one of the heaviest burdens to poor families. Old clothes may be handed down from one generation to another, or made over, but the shoes require cash outlay all the time, and the amount of shoe leather that can be stamped out by healthy youngsters is appalling.

There is a steady trade in second hand shoes among peddlers. They eagerly bargain for old shoes as they travel through the country. Many of the best shoes in second hand shops are bought by colored people who are inclined to be particular about their footwear. In the best second hand stores may be found soiled fancy shoes for women, relics of the stage, or the cast off finery of the rich. Such shoes often reappear in east side ball rooms. Most of the customers of the second hand shoe shops are thrifty persons who have fair incomes, but are saving money for some purpose, and do not disdain to economize by buying second hand articles.—New York Sun.

If We Only Knew!

How few people know when to stop. If the preacher knew when to stop preaching how much more satisfactory the result of his sermon might be. If the genial fellow knew just when to stop telling his good stories how much keener their relish would be. If the moralizer knew just when to stop moralizing how much longer the flavor of his philosophy would endure. If the friend knew when to keep still how grateful his silence would be. If the candid creature who so glibly tells of our foibles knew when to hold his tongue how much less strong our impulse to slap him would be.

If the high liver knew when to stop eating how much less sure dyspepsia would be. If the popular guest knew when to withdraw how much more regretfully we should see him go. If the politician knew when to retire into private life how much whiter his record would be. If we all knew just when to die, and could opportunely bring the event about, how much truer our epitaphs would be. The court fool who prayed, "O God, be merciful to me, a fool!" prayed deeper than he knew, and the man who prays, "O G teach me to know when I have enough," prays deeper still.—Chicago Herald.

A Farmer Huntsman.

The last comer was one of the farmer members of the hunt. His dress was careless, his horse's coat lacked the sleek, shiny appearance of the others noted. His hat had a jam in it. No gloves covered his hands. His boots were ordinary leather, with no spurs attached. He wore a flannel shirt, and actually hadn't a "crop." In other words, he didn't use a whip or anything else to protect himself from the trees and bushes. But he sat on his horse not like a centaur—that is too stiff—but as if he had never been out of a saddle since he was born.

From the waist to the knees his body seemed rigid as iron, so firm was his seat. Above the waist his body was perfectly flexible, inclining according to the gait of the horse. His legs hung easily, with the feet projecting forward and pointing outward in the stirrups. Most of the time while riding his left hand was in his trousers pocket, his right holding his bridle rein loosely and close down to the saddle. Such is a brief pen picture of a man who, though riding at over 200 pounds weight, is counted as one of the best and most daring horsemen in the valley.—Outing.

The Methodist ladies of Salina, Kan., pledged themselves to raise $1 each for church purposes. Among them was a woman 75 years old, who earned her dollar by making eight baby dresses by hand.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 8, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Daniel Frohman.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—James T. Powers in "A Straight Tip."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Amberg's German Opera Co.

THE AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—"Babes in the Woods."

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.
Southeast corner of State and Randolph sts.—Stoddard Lectures.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Louis James,

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Alvin Joslin."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"The Private Secretary.."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"One of the Finest."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

A GREAT REPUBLICAN DISASTER.

Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1890, has passed into history as a day of surprises in American politics. It was, in fact, a day of revolution. The Republican party, signally victorious in 1888, has been as signally defeated this year. Many causes combined, both nationally and locally, to effect this result. Nationally, the party had been overweighted by the McKinley bill, and by the Presidential policy of appointing to federal offices presidential favorites rather than party standard bearers. In the matter of foreign relations, too, the promises of the Republican party, solemnly made to the people, remain unfulfilled. The Behring Sea difficulty is a worse muddle than ever, and the whitewashing of Minister Mizner by the administration gave offense to the self-respect and strong commonsense of the American people. It is not pleasant to have to state these facts, but, as they are facts, they must be stated. To revert again to the McKinley bill, it must be said that while, under certain circumstances, it might be a wise and patriotic measure, it is, under circumstances that exist, unnecessary, and, therefore, highly impolitic. The tendency should be toward lowering, instead of increasing, taxes. This is the prevailing national sentiment, and the Republican party must respect it, if it desires to remain in power. The infliction on the country of the McKinley bill this year, was just such a boomerang to the Republicans as Mr. Cleveland's Free Trade message was to the Democrats in 1888. The country does not want, according to its expressed will at the polls within the period of twenty four months, either a Chinese Wall Tariff or radical Free Trade. What it needs is what THE CITIZEN has always advocated—rational protection, that will protect the wages of the artisan and the laborer, without unduly swelling the profits of the manufacturer at the popular expense.

It cannot be denied, either, that the arbitrary conduct of Speaker Reed in the House of Representatives aroused the indignation of many moderate men in the Republican party. These are not the days for Cromwells. The latter are not needed in this country. The American people, in the mass, believe firmly, as they have a right to believe, in the parliamentary rights of minorities. In the next House of Representatives, the Democrats will be largely in the majority. It remains to be seen whether they will follow the very foolish example set by Mr. Reed of Maine.

It would seem, at the hour of going to press, that the Democratic Congressional majority is growing larger. The Democrats will have even a larger working majority than they had in 1874. They have carried Wisconsin and Indiana—the former on the school question involved in the Bennett Law, and the latter on general principles.

It would seem, also, from the latest returns, that Senator Farwell is in danger of losing his seat, as the legislature will be a tie, or nearly so. Mr. Farwell is personally popular, but, of late days, his surroundings have been exceedingly offensive to former supporters. Certain persons connected by marriage with his family have formed a Knownothing Bluebelly newspaper trust in this city. There are times in a man's life when the son-in-law becomes even more dangerous than the traditional mother-in-law. If Mr. Farwell should be defeated, he will have his own bigoted relatives to thank for it.

Congressman Mason has been "laid out" in the Third District by his Democratic rival, Mr. Durborow; and Congressman Adams has fallen a victim to Gen. W. C. Newberry in the Fourth. Col. Taylor pulled through by "the skin of his teeth" in the First District, and Mr. Lawrence E. McGann, Democrat, defeated Mr. Schaar, Republican and Fusionist, in the second by an overwhelming majority.

The Democrats have also elected the lion's share of the county ticket. At this hour, the fate of the respective candidates for sheriff is still undecided, with the prospects in favor of Gilbert; but the election of Charles Kern for county treasurer, over Louis Hutt, seems conceded, although by a small majority. Henry Wulff appears to be elected over Carl Haerting, Democrat, for county clerk, and Roger C Sullivan, Democrat, has defeated Thomas W. Sennott for the Probate court clerkship. Albert G. Lane, for superintendent of schools, defeated Mrs. Mulligan. THE CITIZEN has its opinion of the political tricksters who placed that accomplished and estimable lady in a position that meant defeat from the very outset. John C. Schubert, Democrat, has been elected Criminal court clerk over Mr. Sundelius by a very large majority. The Democrats have elected the chairman and two thirds of the members of the county board of commissioners.

The Republican defeat in this county can be largely attributed to the impudent demonstrations of bigots who call themselves the United Order of Deputies—an order that comprehends within its ranks every element of social meanness and political narrowness. The Republican party is, in itself, a respectable party, and has made a name in the world's history that can never die, but, in the absence of a really great issue, it often allows itself to be ridden, and over-weighted, by a pack of knaves, cranks and bigots, who think that people who come here from Europe to be citizens have no rights which they are bound to respect. There has been too much artificial flaggery—all put on—in this town of late. Every American citizen worth recognition respects the American flag, but the bigots, cranks and knaves referred to flaunt it simply as a cover for their own baseness and hypocrisy. Any political party that wishes to be victorious must sit down on such fellows. Otherwise, the people will always sit down on the party that harbors them. They have run their course in this city and county. Knownothingism, in any shape, is now "a scotched snake" in America; for which let us say "Glory to God in the Highest, and, on earth, peace to men of good will."

GLADSTONE'S INCONSISTENCY.

Mr. Gladstone's recent Midlothian speech, while a great oratorical effort, fell far short of his bold utterances of four years ago. One passage in his discourse has fallen upon the rank and file of Irish Home Rulers like a very wet blanket, and goes far to justify the very frequent criticisms relative to Mr. Gladstone's want of consistency made by the friends, as well as the foes, of the aged political orator. Indeed, one very distinguished member of the Irish parliamentary party once told the editor of THE CITIZEN that if Gladstone was younger, he would not be surprised to see him turn a complete somersault in the matter of Irish politics. He has already turned his back on some of the leading principles laid down by him in 1886. At that time he denounced the Anglo Irish Union in terms as fierce as might have been employed by a regular Repealer, and he broadly stated that it would never do to retain the Irish representatives at Westminster. In Midlothian he completely justified what has been said of him by his critics, as will be seen by the following passage taken from his speech:

"There is nobody endeavoring to repeal the Union (hear, hear), and this, gentlemen, is not a question of rhetoric, or a question of invective or apology, but a question of history and a question of fact (cheers). What, gentlemen, is the Act of Union? And what does the Act of Union prescribe? I will tell you in a very few words. Its prescriptions are mainly three. Before the Act of Union Ireland was a sovereign country, and the parliament of England and Scotland had no more power or title to constrain or trespass upon the parliament of Ireland than it had to trample upon the congress of America. Now that is a matter of fact. Ireland was before the Union an independent kingdom (hear, hear). To that independence the Union put an end. That was the first and by far the greatest enactment of the Act of Union. That, I need not tell you, is an enactment which no man, English or Irish, in parliament seeks to disturb (hear, hear). It is an enactment which every man—and certainly every man of the party with which I have the honor to be connected—is bound to maintain (cheers). The second great branch of the Act of Union was that which gave representation to Ireland at Westminster. Gentlemen, it is well known that although we saw great difficulties attaching practically to any plan for that purpose, and although we knew very well that no vital one had occurred before the Act of Union in consequence of the fact that there were no representatives of Ireland at Westminster, yet, respecting the public opinion of the country, and believing the public opinion of the country to be to this effect, that there ought to be a representation of Ireland at Westminster, we agreed to give effect to that public wish. (Cheers). There is no question at all before us of removing from Westminster that representation (hear, hear). I do not now speak of its particular forms and condition—that is for discussion at another time."

If the foregoing is not clearly a back down on the part of Mr. Gladstone and his party in Great Britain and Ireland, then THE CITIZEN confesses there never was a backdown in this world. Further along in his speech, Mr. Gladstone quotes the father of the present Mr. Dillon as defining just such a parliament as Gladstone wants to give Ireland—a fettered nominal parliament—in a letter to the Duke of Wellington. A gentleman on the platform corrected Mr. Gladstone, who then attributed the letter to the celebrated Thomas Davis, Mr. Dillon's associate on the Dublin *Nation*. It is quite evident that Mr. Gladstone was imposed upon as regards Davis. The latter may have suggested a measure of settlement, without recourse to civil war, but all his writings breathed the true sentiment of Irish national independence. Among the passages quoted by Mr. Gladstone from the alleged letter of Davis were the following:

"I don't seek the raw repeal of the Act of Union. I want you to retain the Imperial Parliament, with its Imperial powers. I ask you to disencumber it of those things which exhaust its patience and which embarrass its attention.

"It is not impossible to combine an Irish Parliament or an Irish legislature for local purposes with the integrity and foreign importance of the Empire. A local Parliament granted soon, and in a kindly and candid spirit, would be fairly accepted, and would conciliate that large and varied body which from want of wisdom, or want of patriotism or ambition are intolerant of having their local laws made and their local offices filled by Englishmen."

The sentiments quoted bear the earmarks of Charles Gavan Duffy, who was the associate of both Dillon and Davis, and who never could quite make up his mind as to whether he was a Repealer or simply a Federalist. If Thomas Davis ever wrote such a letter, he must have been playing a double part because, in the brilliant writings which survive him, no such sentiments, or any approach to them, can be found. On the contrary, his every utterance breathed, not alone of repeal, but also of separation.

Gavan Duffy has recently written a life of Thomas Davis. Doubtless it was from this book Mr. Gladstone quoted, and, in some way, confounded the glorious author of "The Green Above the Red," and "A Nation Once Again," with the very pliable gentleman who was christened by John Mitchel, who knew him well, Sir Charles Give-in Duffy.

THE IRISH DELEGATES ARRIVE.

Messrs. John Dillon, William O'Brien, T. D. Sullivan and T. E. Harrington arrived in New York from France last Saturday. Mrs. O'Brien accompanied the party. They were met down the bay by Gov. Hill, Mayor Grant, and a large conclave of distinguished citizens. Some of the party took quarters at the Hoffman House, and some at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mr. T. P. Gill is engaged in arranging a route for the party. It is probable that some of them will be in this city next month. They were followed on board the ship by a couple of British spies, who narrowly escaped rough treatment at the hands of the passengers. A cable dispatch from Rome, dated Wednesday, says the Pope has addressed a circular letter to the clergy in this country directing them to give no countenance to the Irish visitors. THE CITIZEN does not believe a word of it. If the Pope has issued such a circular, it will be worth a million dollars to Ireland.

TROUBLE BREWING IN CANADA.

If any of our readers desire to see a really villainous English article, they should get this month's New York *Forum*, and read the one entitled "French, Canada, and the Dominion." It is written by some one calling himself W. Blackburn Harte, and he is evidently, to judge by the way he writes, a Canadian Orangeman.

It seems very queer that an American magazine would disgrace its pages by such a lying, bigoted article as that one is. It is very nearly safe to say that even *Blackwood's Magazine*, the most ultra-Tory and superlatively bigoted periodical in Great Britain, would pause before giving place to an article that is a libel on an entire nation. If the French Canadians hate the English, they have had good cause to hate them; if they have chosen to remain Catholic and to speak their own language, it does not follow that any but a poltroon of an American should see anything wrong in such facts. If men belonging to the Catholic church had not fought for American independence, America would not be free today; if men who spoke no language but English had remained alone in their struggle for American liberty, America would never have been made free. It comes with bad grace, then, from an American publication to permit such an article as the one under notice to appear in it. Any American who holds that the Canadian French are wrong in refusing to become Protestants, and in refusing to give up their own language for the language of their conquerors, is utterly unworthy to enjoy the blessings of this free country, and should betake himself at once to England. Indeed it seems very doubtful if the editor of the *Forum* can be an American at heart; he may have been born on this side of the Atlantic, but he can have no claims to represent or reflect American opinion; if he had, he would have left the publication of such an article to *Blackwood's*, or to some other English magazine as narrow minded and as bigoted.

Throughout the whole of this brutal and stupid article there is nothing proved against the French-Canadians except that they love the creed and the language of their forefathers. Its malignant author says they want to rule Canada. They deserve infinite praise for entertaining such a noble idea. Canada is their country; their forefathers redeemed it from the wilderness; it was the first spot on this continent north of the Rio Grande where the white man settled. Three generations before the Pilgrim Fathers landed in Massachusetts, the French had settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence. From a handful of people numbering only sixty-five thousand at the time of the English conquest in 1760, they have grown to almost two millions. Lower Canada has become too small for them; hundreds of thousands of them have settled in Upper Canada, and still more hundreds of thousands of them have settled in the United States. The truth suppressing bigot who wrote the article in the *Forum* says that the French-Canadians in Canada number only a little over a million; whereas they number over a million and a half. They have increased and multiplied as no other people have, of whom history speaks; they are increasing every day in numbers and in power; they remain French and intend to remain such; and consequently the vagabond who writes in the *Forum* hates them.

He says it is certain that a bloody collision will soon take place in Lower Canada between the French element there and the supporters of British domination, and intimates that the collision will be the end of the Canadian French. Let him take care that he may not become a false prophet. If the supporters of English rule in Canada bring about trouble with the French of that country, they should remember that these same French Canadians have forty millions of their race beyond the Atlantic who are infinitely more powerful now than they were in the days of Montcalm. They should also remember that if England dares to land an army in Canada to exterminate the French, that that country is only separated from America by an imaginary boundary, and that there are nearly as many millions here as in France who would not stand with arms folded while British red-coats were exterminating the men in whose veins flows the blood of Lafayette, Rochambeau and Hoche.

IT was Horizontal Morrison; it is Tin (coffin) Plate McKinley.

IT is time for the sensible men of the Republican party to take hold of the helm again.

AZURE Abdomens are not as fashionable as they were a week ago. Neither are Indigo Noses.

THE Knownothings have learned something this week. Ignorance is not always invincible.

THE U. O. Ds. have added the letter F to their former title—U O D Fs.

IF Lawler had not gone to Cheltenham Beach, and if, having gone there, he had "taken a reef" in his mouth before making that "speech" he would be sheriff-elect of Cook county today. He has only himself—mostly his mouth—to blame for his defeat.

CONGRESSMAN MCKINLEY, in Ohio, and Congressman Cannon, in this state, have both been hung up on that extreme tariff bill.

THE Republicans have been licked, it is true; but the Democrats shouldn't shout so loudly. They've been there themselves.

RESULT of Knownothingism, Personalism, McKinleyism and Reedism—the Democrats have carried the hitherto Republican states of Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. It is about time for the Republican party to unload itself. "Light marching order" will doubtless be the war cry for 1892.

THE U. O. Ds. are now the U. B. Ds.

THE Republican newspapers that hire blackguards to abuse Irish-American Republicans and Independents by the yard in this city, got their answer at the polls last Monday.

THE Democratic newspapers that made a personal fight on Michael McInerney must feel pretty sore. He "got there just the same." Bravo, Michael!

IN spite of the abuse of the daily press, John F. O'Malley has been elected by a handsome majority.

HONORING THE HIERARCH.

Superb Celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan by the Catholics of Chicago and the Country at Large.

Magnificent Religious Services at the Cathedral, a Notable Banquet, Enormous Procession of Societies and Great Meetings of Children and Adults at the Auditorium.

Remarkable and Significant Scenes and Sentiments.

WEDNESDAY.

[*Condensed from Press Reports.*]

Archbishop Feehan's silver jubilee celebration began in this city on Wednesday week, and was the most imposing event of the kind ever witnessed in the annals of Chicago. Before the exercises were begun, the following telegram was received at the archiepiscopal residence from the Vatican:

"Congratulations to the archbishop. Apostolic benediction to clergy and flock.

LEO XIII."

The programme of the celebration was outlined upon a scale commensurate with the interest and dignity of the occasion. The two day's jubilee was inaugurated on Wednesday morning by a solemn celebration of pontifical high mass at Holy Name Cathedral. At this impressive ceremony, admission to which was sought in vain by thousands, four archbishops—Feehan, Elder, Ireland, Ryan—and a score of bishops participated, together with 400 priests and brethren of religious orders. Archbishop Feehan was celebrant of the mass and Bishop Hogan of Kansas City preached the special sermon for the day.

In the afternoon Archbishop Feehan and the visiting prelates were entertained at a sumptuous banquet in the Auditorium Hotel. Addresses were made by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Bishop Spalding of Peoria, the Rev. Drs. McGovern, Dowling, and others. The entertainment was a very superb affair.

During the banquet Archbishop Feehan was presented with a very handsome memorial picture, consisting of an excellent portrait of himself surrounded by the members of his archiepiscopal council. Members of Catholic societies to the number of about 3,000 in torchlight procession, all carrying small American flags, were reviewed by the archbishop and prominent clergymen and laymen from the balcony of the Auditorium Hotel.

THE GRAND AND SOLEMN MARCH.

The Cathedral of the Holy Name, the capitol of the archiepiscopal see of Chicago, was crowded to the doors and beyond Wednesday morning long before the hour set for the commencement of the pontifical high mass, the most important of the services in connection with the celebration of the twenty fifth anniversary of the Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan as a bishop of the Catholic church. With the notable exceptions of the jubilee of Archbishop Corrigan and the installation of Cardinal Gibbons no previous occasion in the history of Catholicism in America brought together such a large concourse of clerical dignitaries as were grouped beneath the gothic arches of the Cathedral.

At 9:30 o'clock resident and visiting priests to the number of 375, the majority of them being connected with the archdiocese, assembled at the parochial school at Cass street and Chicago avenue, attended by 100 acolytes in red soutanes and white surplices and preceded by the Rev. Father Mackin as crossbearer. Then they marched down Cass street to the parochial residence at Superior street, where a halt was made until the first of the procession of visiting bishops and archbishops, robed in the purple of their office and attended by acolytes, emerged under a wedding canopy.

Superior street was filled with a dense crowd of sight seers who surged to and fro in their eagerness to get a glimpse of the honored prelate. At the end of the slowly moving column of purple came Archbishop Feehan in cape and canonicals, with his attendant priests and trainbearers. His appearance occasioned no outburst of enthusiasm. Reverential silence fell over the faithful who thronged the street.

Solemn, grand, impressive—the procession moved slowly up Superior street to State, and around the corner to the main entrance to the church, the side aisles of which were choked with people, every eye being directed at the door in eager expectation. As the Rev. Father Mackin, bearing aloft the golden cross, passed the threshold the organ and orchestra filled the spacious edifice with the first strains of Meyerbeer's "Grand March of the Prophets." Up the centre aisle and through the sanctuary gates moved the cross bearer, the acolytes, the reverend fathers, the right reverend bishops, and the most reverend archbishops. The latter were ushered to seats within the chancel rail, while the priests who took no further part in the ceremonies were given chairs and pews in the centre aisle, which were reserved for them and the nuns from numerous religious communities planted and fostered in the diocese by Archbishop Feehan. There were within and without the sanctuary 375 priests, forty Christian Brothers, and 250 Sisters, besides the list of bishops and archbishops that appears elsewhere.

THE ARCHBISHOP CELEBRATES HIGH MASS.

Upon entering the sanctuary the archbishop was conducted to the throne to the left of the marble altar and the ceremony of investing him with his pontifical robes, in itself elaborate and interesting, was proceeded with. Over his trained cassock of purple he wore the amice and the alb held at the waist by a cincture of white silk. The stole was hung about his neck and over it was placed the silk tunic. Then he was invested with the dalmatica and chasuble of gold cloth, the pallium, worn only by archbishops, the pectoral cross suspended from a massive gold chain. His head was covered with the lofty mitre and with the gold crozier in his hand he mounted the steps of the altar, which was ablaze with 100 wax lights and decorated with a profusion of natural flowers.

The celebrant was attended by Fathers T. Burke and Kavalege as deacons of honor robed in alb and dalmatica, and Fathers M J Fitzsimmons and F N Perry as deacon and subdeacon of the mass. The Revs. Chancellor Muldoon, N. J. Mooney, and J. Harrington served in the capacity of masters of ceremonies, and the Revs. E. J. McEachan and G. L. Williams as acolytes. His Grace chanted his part of the ceremony in a firm, clear voice that could be heard in every part of the church.

The music, under the able direction of H. C. Besler, was one of the grandest features of the event. Accompanied by the organ and orchestra of thirty five pieces the chorus numbering sixty sang as one voice, and the concerted pieces were superbly rendered. Among the most commendable features were the solos by Mrs. Doney and Mr. Langlois, and the harp obligatos of Miss Chatterton. Following is a complete list of the archbishops, bishops, monseigneors, and clergy from a distance who assisted at the mass:

The Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, archbishop of Chicago.

The Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, archbishop of Philadelphia.

The Most Rev. Henry Gelder, archbishop of Cincinnati.

The Most Rev. John Ireland, archbishop of St. Paul.

The Right Rev. J. J. Potter, bishop of Winona; the Right Rev. Thomas McGovern, bishop of Harrisburg; the Right Rev. J. J. Janssens, bishop of Belleville; the Right Rev. James Ryan, bishop of Alton; the Right Rev. J. J. Hennessy, bishop of Wichita; the Right Rev. Richard Scannell, bishop of Concordia; the Right Rev. Henry Losegrove, bishop of Davenport; the Right Rev. Henry Richter, bishop of Grand Rapids; the Right Rev. Henry Rademacher, bishop of Nashville; the Right Rev. K. L. Flasch, bishop of La Crosse; the Right Rev. F. S. Chatard, bishop of Indianapolis; the Right Rev. John Moore, bishop of Florida; the Right Rev John J. Spalding, bishop of Peoria; the Right Rev. W. G. McCloskey, bishop of Louisville; the Right Rev. J J. Horan, bishop of Kansas City; the Right Rev. John Hennessy, bishop of Dubuque; the Very Rev. A. S. Maginen, Baltimore; the Very Rev. P. C. Cavanagh, Susquehanna Bridge, N. Y., and the Very Rev. V. G. Gleason of Nashville.

Among the prominent people in the congregation were: W. F. McLaughlin, Joseph J. O'Donohue of New York, W. J. Quan, A. C. Hesing, John V. Clark, Louis Huck, Marshall Field, W. J. Gormully, J. J. McGrath, Gen. George B Smith, Philip Conley, James Conlan, Senator Hereley, D. J. Gallery, George E. Moran, Mrs. John Cudahy, Miss Lizzie Hardsog, Miss Alice Feehan, John Feehan and Dr. Feehan of St. Louis, brothers of the archbishop, and Mother Catherine, sister of the archbishop, and many friends of the archbishop from St. Louis, Nashville, Memphis, and New Orleans.

The large crowd was handled with excellent judgment by C. E. Warren, who acted as chief usher, and J. F. Kelly, Austin Berry, S. D. Herr, W. J. Agnew, J. B. Smith, J. Conlan, and O. J. Bittle, assistants.

BISHOP HOGAN'S TRIBUTE.

When Bishop Hogan ascended the pulpit the great congregation leaned back to listen to the able preacher. But the opening of the sermon was somewhat of a disappointment. Archbishop Ryan, "the Bossuet of Catholic America," was appointed to preach, but the prelate from Kansas City was chosen at the last moment. The subdued sound of his voice at first failed to reach the furthermost end of the church. Warming to his subject, however, he became eloquent, and delivered a glowing eulogy upon Archbishop Feehan as a student, a priest, a bishop and in his present high dignity. Forceful and impressive, the words of encomium of the preacher were heightened by the fire of eloquence in his large, dark eyes as he sketched the career of the archbishop. He spoke as follows:

"MY VERY DEAR BRETHEREN: The city of Chicago celebrated to-day for the first time in its existence—and it is now nearly fifty years since its erection—the jubilee of its prelate. It is many years ago, in a far off country beyond the misty ocean, in an island sanctified long ages ago by the preaching and faith of an apostle, a young man in the early morning of life knelt before the altar of God on the day of his first communion, when the holy ghost touched his heart with heavenly fire in confirmation, and holding in his hand the book of prayer he read these words: 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all that the Lord hath rendered unto me?' And lifting his eyes to the sacred altar of sacrifice he said in the words of the psalmist: 'How beautiful are thy tabernacles, oh Lord of hosts. Blessed are they that dwell in the house of the Lord. They shall praise thee for ever and ever.' Was this a passing emotion? Was it merely something that was suggested by piety then and was never to be recalled in the mind again? Far from it. The God who called James and John from Zebedie, their father, and who told Peter to leave all things and to follow him—that voice of God, potentate still, spoke to that young heart saying: 'Every one that leaveth father and mother and brother and sister and houses and lands for my sake shall receive a hundred fold and life everlasting.' The reward of this promise—happiness in this life, blessedness, and the love of being in the company of Almighty God and the endless joy hereafter—it was such as the young heart, already dedicated to God, could not withstand. The sacrifices made, the sacrifices which the church witnesses every day of the noblest and the grandest and the most beautiful of its children, young ladies and young gentlemen who leave the world with its promises and devote themselves to the services of Jesus Christ at the altar or in the cloister.

"The young man goes to the halls of piety and prayer, that celebrated college near the city of Dublin, governed by that learned, fatherly, charitable, zealous man—a fitting place for a young man to spend two or three years preparing himself for the ministry. And from that place he goes up to the famous college of Maynooth, under its famous world renowned professors, and there for almost a decade of years pursues his studies. Oh, the delights of such a life! Where is the bishop or the priest who does not in after years sigh for those halls of the Lord? The bell sounds at 5 in the morning to awaken the young levite from his sleep, and he signs the cross and goes to the study hall to read his prayers. After an

hour's prayer and meditation the long line files into the chapel and assembles around the altar. Then the studies—theology, philosophy, rhetoric, classics, canon law, holy scriptures, the requirements of the church—one lesson after another under the guidence of these holy professors. I myself spent some years in such an institute. I saw the buildings across the street from me; I saw the ladies and gentlemen and the boys and girls pass before the door year after year. I never asked or cared to know their names. I did not even know the name of the family that lived in the house across the street. I had no joy, no happiness, but I lived in these halls of prayer. Oh, to look back! I sigh in my soul that I ever was asked to leave those halls and now that nearly forty years have passed I do not know a place on earth that I can love so well as that.

"The time has come when the young levite is called by his professors to go up higher. His character and his inmost soul as well as his exterior conduct have been looked into through and through by men who scrutinized that character in order to form a judgment, a conscientious judgment, whether that young man was fit for the dignity of the priesthood of Jesus Christ and the judgment was to go and receive the dignity of the priesthood for which you have labored since your childhood. Oh, what is to be the destiny of this young clergyman? What place in life has God in store for him? Do you not know that Almighty God, who created us all and opened for us these different walks of life, has a vocation for every person, and that God's providence usually leads us along to enter that path for which he intends us? The professors of Maynooth offered that young clergyman a professor's chair by their side. He was offered a distinguished place for higher studies on the Dunboyne establishment, as it was called, that, after two or three years of higher studies, he might rank among the very highest in any country. But Almighty God has his own ways, my dear brethren. Oh, how truly might a young ecclesiastic of the rich diocese of Cashel look up with pride to that rich diocese, the grand cathedral of Cashel in which councils were held nearly eight hundred years ago. Looking down into that beautiful country—well might any young man wish in the joy of his heart that his destiny would be cast in that beautiful place, illustrated by the learning and piety of the prelates since the day of St. Patrick.

"Ireland, once having received the faith of St. Patrick, threw the light of the gospel over those lands in northern Europe, which never had been blessed with missionaries, to the very banks of the Tiber, over the mountains of Switzerland, in northery Germany, where have been founded the dioceses and the great cathedrals in central Europe. Aye, go where you will through Europe, there is not a cathedral tower or a parish church whose bells ring out their sacred chimes but that those sacred pulsations throb over the grave of the Irish missionary. On the banks of the great rivers of Europe, by the Tagus and the Rhone and the Tiber, the flowers that bloom and fade there, scatter their leaves and their fragrance over the ground that is sanctified by the grave of the Irish priest, the Irish abbot and the Irish saint. In modern times, we do not know that the Irish scholar and the Irish missionary have found his way to Versailles and Paris, Salamanca and the great seats of learning in Spain, and there they have laid down their lives living the faith of Jesus Christ. Side by side they sleep in their marble tombs; priest, abbot, bishop, sleep far from their native home, and they have not regretted it. The breezes that blow over their tombs do not come from their native land. The hands that closed their eyes in death, the sweet lips that sung the requiems, the young boys and maidens that came to scatter fresh flowers on their new made graves, were not of their kindred or flesh, but of the spiritual kindred of Jesus Christ. Aye, there is a holier, a stronger, a more beautiful love than the love even of kindred. It is the love of paternity and the childhood in Jesus Christ—a love of the father who preached the gospel of Jesus Christ, who poured upon our heads the sacred waters of baptism. And is not all this renewed here to-day? My dear brethren, what do we see before us? What is the impulse and purpose of this great celebration? God has sent you his anointed servant. He has given him a divine vocation. He has called upon him to leave his native land, and his kindred and his father's house and go into that far off country which God has shown him, a country which fifty years ago was touched upon its shores by the poor, faithful children of Ireland who in their sorrow had to leave their native land and seek a home elsewhere. There were no priests to administer them the rites of the church, none to pronounce over them the blessed rites, and afterward they lay in their graves without the ministration of the beloved priest to say the prayers. They are scattered wherever those ships passed in those days, from New Orleans to these places. I have seen it. I have seen the great steamboats pass along the Mississippi, and the poor workingman go and make a hurried grave for the Irish emigrant in the sand on the shore of the great river. But there was no priest to bless their grave, no priest to scatter the holy water or to ask the prayers of the bystanders for those children of Jesus Christ.

"But here one has come to take care of you, and has filled that mission for forty years faithfully, in St. Louis, in Nashville, here in Chicago. I preached to you ten years ago, when your illustrious prelate received upon his shoulders the pallium brought from the tomb of St. Peter, bespeaking in him the virtues which you have witnessed every day since—humility, love of faith, charity, apostolic zeal—aye, you listened to me then with respectable attention, and I speak of it because you honor me in the same way to-day. Then I promised you, I told you, that God was about to bless you. I told the faithful people of Chicago, who have done so much for religion, who have clung to their faith in the dark hours of adversity and in the weakness of the early beginning, and who with their presence and their piety and their honored lives, have adorned that church and built it up, and tried to build it up as they are doing to-day by the side of this great lake. I told you that God had a great blessing in store for you and that was that he was going to get you a good pastor."

Wednesday Afternoon.

BANQUET AT THE AUDITORIUM

Shortly after 2 o'clock the clergy had assembled in the banquet hall in the Auditorium Hotel. Ten tables had been spread, nine of them set at right angles to the principal table, where sat Archbishop Feehan, with Archbishop Ryan on one hand and Archbishop Elder on the other. Behind the Archbishop's seat, on the wall, was a floral design bearing the words: "Ad Multos Annos." A mitre formed part of the design. The tables were decorated with beautiful ware and with flowers, and the room was lighted with wax candles. In the gallery was Valisi's orchestra, which played throughout the banquet. The clergymen who were present numbered 250, including all of the distinguished prelates and dignitaries who took part in the religious celebration at the Cathedral.

The first toast was "The Silver Jubilee," this being the congratulatory address of the clergy. It was delivered by the Very Rev D. M. Dowling, V G., who said:

"Your Grace: A quarter of a century has passed wince the miter you wear and have honored was placed on your head. Your 333 priests and 500,000 faithful people offer you greetings the kindliest this silver jubilee of your elevation to the episcopacy.

"At the death of saintly Bishop Foley, the holy see, at the request of the archbishop and bishops of the province of St. Louis, appointed your Grace archbishop of the new metropolitan see of Chicago. This was just ten years ago, and never in the growth of any city has such progress been crowded into so short a space. The record of unapproachable result and apostolic achievement that are the history of this period of our church is linked imperishably with your Grace's name, for this has been the church building epoch of our history.

"Yet there is another phase of your Grace's career that calls for profoundest recognition from your devoted clergy. It is the exquisite harmony between metropolitan dignity, apostolic simplicity, gentleness of manner and kindness of heart, that is peculiarly your own, and we express our felicitations and congratulations on this bright silver jubilee of your consecration to the episcopacy."

Archbishop Feehan introduced the next speaker in the following words:

"Gentlemen, what you say of the great progress of the church in the diocese of Chicago is very true. She has kept pace with the wonderful growth and material prosperity of this great city. (Applause.) I cannot forget to mention those who have so largely aided in the accomplishment of this great result by their labors in the cause of religion. I mean the members of these great religious communities who have been so zealous and patient and energetic in the sacred cause of education in the parish."

The archbishop then proposed a toast in the following words: "It is a great pleasure to me, and I am sure it is a great pleasure to you, to have assembled here. I propose long lives to the Fathers, the Pope, and the Restoration of the Great Church of Rome."

The health of the Pope was drunk standing.

The next speaker was Father M'Govern, who, upon being introduced by Archbishop Feehan, spoke to the toast "Our Holy Father, Vicegerent of Christ and Spiritual Ruler of the Church."

Dr. T. J. Butler rendered Moore's melody "And Doth Not a Meeting Like This Make Amends."

Archbishop Feehan then introduced Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who spoke to the toast, "Our Visiting Bishops."

The next toast, "The Catholic Church of Chicago," was responded to by Father D. J. McCaffery. The speaker gave a history of the rise of the church in Chicago, the steady idpouring of the faithful from other lands, till its present proportions were reached.

Father Henneberry, in response to the call of Archbishop Feehan, spoke on behalf of the executive committee, alluding to the work of that committee and various matters of detail. The bishops and clergy then arose and spent some time in general conversation.

Parade of the Societies.

The parade of the societies in the evening was a brilliant affair, and made great impression on the public mind. Fully 25,000 men were in line. The order of the parade was as follows:

Company of Police.
Chief Marshal Peter Kiolbassa.
Aides to Chief Marshal.
FIRST DIVISION.
Marshal Francis T. Colby.
Hibernian Rifles.
Dominick Welter Post, No. 701, G A R.
Bersaglieri of Savoya.
Catholic Knights of America.
Companies of Cadets.
Catholic Guards.
Church of Notre Dame de Chicago.
St. John the Baptist Church.
St. Bernard's Church.
St. Lous' Church.
Church of the Assumption.
St. Augustine's Church (colored).
Catholic Benevolent Legion.
Gaelic Athletic Association.
SECOND DIVISION
Marshal, Nicholas Steilen.
CHURCHES.
St Peter.
St. Joseph.
St. Francis.
St. Michael.
St. Boniface.
St Paul.
St. Augustine.
St. Alphonsus.
St. George.
St. Aloysius.
St. Martin.
Church of the Holy Trinity.
St. Mathias.
St. Peter and Pt. Paul.
St. Henry.
THIRD DIVISION.
Marshal, Joseph Paszkiewicz.
St. Stanislaus Koska's Church.
Twenty-three societies from St. Stanislaus Koska's Church.
CHURCHES.
St. Adalbert's.
St. Josephat.
St. Mary of Perpetual Help.
St. Hedwig.
St. Joseph.
Immaculate Conception.
St Wenceslaus.
St. John Nepomucene.
St. Procopius.
St. Visteur.
FOURTH DIVISION.
Marshal, Daniel Corkery.
CHURCHES.
Cathedral.
St. Mary.
St. Patrick.
Holy Family.
Immaculate Conception.
St. Bridget.
St. John.
St. James.
St. Columbkil.
Annunciation.
Nativity.
Sacred Heart.
St. Stephen.
St. Pius.
All Saints.
St. Vincent de Paul.
Our Lady of Sorrows.
St. Gabriel.
Holy Angels.
St. Ann.
St. Thomas.
St. Philip.
St. Elizabeth.
St. Malachy.
St. Rose of Lima.
Holy Rosary.
St. Agnes.
St. Sylvester.
St. Kevens.
St. Charles Borromeo.
St. Cecelia.
St. Lawrence.
Church of the Visitation.
St. Bernard.
Our Lady of St. Carmel.
St. Leo.
St. Jarlath.
FIFTH DIVISION.
Marshall, J. P. Cahill.
CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.
Fourteen Subdivisions, Courts, Nos. 1 to 163.
Father Hagan's Young Men's T. A. and B. Society.
Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The procession marched past the Auditorium in salute, and was reviewed from the hotel balcony by the Most Rev. Archbishop, the visiting prelates and a large number of the clergy.

THURSDAY.

THE CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE.

Children by the thousands flocked to the Auditorium Thursday morning and by 9 o'clock the place was crowded by the little ones who wanted to pay a tribute of love to Archbishop Feehen. There were children of various nationalities, some dressed in fancy costumes and others dressed to represent the style of their country. The children of St. Pius' school wore costumes particularly attractive. The girls wore white lace dresses and caps with a light blue ribbon on the shoulder, while the boys wore black velvet suits with large rolling collars and cuffs.

At 10 o'clock Rosenbecker's orchestra played the grand march and the children's exercises, for which the teachers and children had worked for weeks, began. Following this selection all the pupils present sang the grand jubilee hymn which had been prepared for this event by H. R. Palmer.

The Very Rev. D. M. Dowling, V. G., delivered the opening address, in which he welcomed the children and complimented them on the grand showing they made. This was followed by the address and song of the colored children, who were represented by Hattie Hanse, who delivered the address, and Lillie Tolton, Emmet Burdett and Scottie Prinnis, who presented the archbishop with baskets and bouquets of flowers. The representatives of the Italian schools came next, Louis Casaleggi delivering the address and Julia Navarre making the presentation of flowers in the name of the pupils.

Here there was an intermission of fifteen minutes, during which the orchestra played several selections.

After the intermission Miss Emma Metz, a bright girl about 14 years old, representing the German schools, recited an original poem, which took the place of the welcoming address. At the conclusion of her address Archbishop Feehan called her to him and congratulated her on the merits of her effort. Next on the program was the address of the German orphan asylum, made by Miss Rosie Hill. Miss Lizzie Schwendel delivered to the archbishop the token of esteem from the class.

Here Father Dunn requested all the children to stand up and sing the well known song "Columbia." When the 5,000 children, of all sizes, varying from 5 to 15 years old, sang with all their might the words, "When borne by the red, white and blue," they swung their flags to and fro and formed a sight that will long be remembered. When this was finished Master John Prince, representing the Bohemian schools ascended the platform and made a short address to the archbishop, followed by Misses Rosie Garynska and Wojeich Barkowicz, representing the Polish schools, who, after delivering their respective addresses, sang their national air in the original language.

One of the most affecting sights of the jubilee and one that touched the heart of every spectator, was the singing by the deaf mutes. Ten of them represented the school, and accompanied by the organ and under the leadership of their teacher they went through their signs and movements in a way that, while pretty and graceful, was indeed a sad sight, and brought tears to the eyes of many in the audience. The pupils outside of the city were represented by Miss Minnie Hassett, of Aurora.

Following in regular order were addresses by pupils of the North, West, and South sides, St. Joseph's orphans, and the Feehanville Training school pupils, after which Archbishop Feehan pronounced the jubilee benediction, and closed the festival with a grand thanksgiving hyma, participated in by all present, with orchestra and organ accompaniment.

The stage was occupied by the visiting and city clergy, while his grace, Archbishop Feehan, sat in the center. The organ was in charge of Mr. Mutter, the organist of the Holy Family church.

The program as rendered was as follows:

Music	Grand welcome march
Jubilee hymn	Grand chorus by all the pupils
Introductory	The Very Rev. D. M. Dowling, V. G.
Colored pupils	Address and song
Italian pupils	Address and song
French-Canadian pupils	Address and song
Music	Grand orchestra
German pupils	Address and song
German orphans	Address and song
"O Columbia"	Grand chorus
Bohemian pupils	Address and song
Polish pupils	National operetta
Polish pupils	Address and song
Music	Orchestra
Deaf mute pupils	Sign song and address
Address	North-side pupils
Address	West-side pupils
Address	South-side pupils
Address	Pupils outside the city
"Star-Spangled Banner"	Grand chorus
St. Joseph's orphans	Address and song
Feehanville Training school pupils	Address and song
Jubilee benediction	Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D D
Thanksgiving hymn	Grand chorus
Orchestra.	

Thursday Evening.

EXERCISES AT THE AUDITORIUM.

The gathering at the Auditorium in the evening was a magnificent spectacle. Every available seat was occupied, and the platform was crowded by prelates, priests and distinguished laymen of the Catholic church. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and, on the appearance of the archbishop, the hall resounded with plaudits. Captain Thomas Brenan presided, and, in a few graceful words, introduced the Hon. P. T. Barry, who, to the delight of the vast audience, delivered himself in the Gaelic tongue as follows:

IN GAELIC TONGUE.

DILEGRADH CHUM AN ARDEASBOIG UI FHIO GHAIN AIR AN G-CUIGEADH AIR FHICHID BLIADHAIN DO 'SAN EASBUIGEACHD

A SHAOI RO-UASAIL, AGUS A ARDEASBOIG RO-UREAIMAIGH: Anns an lo so ann a bh fuil tu ar faghail onora, gradh agus deagh thola a moran teangthadh agus o beagnach gach uile chineul daoineadh faoi 'n ngreic, ni coir gan focla labhairt leat a d teangain uasail do chinidh agus do shinnsear. De na h uile tiortha do tharoid air son an chreidimh, ba h Eire do rinne an cath ba h-uaisle, ba chruaidhe agus ba h-eifeachdaighe; agus a n diaigh na Laidne agus na Greigise, ba Ghaedhilig an teanga le n dearnadh an mhaitheas is mo air son na n-daoineadh, agus le d-tugadh an uibhir is mo chum an t-Soisgeil agus chum eolais Chriosd. Air feadh moran aois sul aithnigheadh na teangtha labhairthear anois, sul do labhaireadh focal amhain Beurla, Fraincise no Garmainise, bhi Soisgeilidhe o h-Eirinn le Gaedhilig in a m beulaibh agus le gradh De in a g-croidhthibh, ag triall an domhain agus ag breith daoineadh chum eolais aighe na Sianuighthe. Guidhmid Dia go n deonaidh Se dhuinn, tusa d'fhag ail linn air feadh moran bliadhan le teachd —go bh-fanaidh tu fad os ar g-cionn, ionnus go m-beidh faill eile agadsa ar ngradh dhuit d'aithne uice fearr, agus go m beidh faill eile againne ar meass ort agus ar n-onoir duit do thaisbeanadh aris.

[*Literal Translation.*]

ADDRESS TO ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN ON COMPLETING HIS TWENTY FIFTH YEAR AS BISHOP.

VERY REVEREND ARCHBISHOP AND NOBLE SIR: On this day when you are receiving honor, love, and good will in many languages, and from almost every nation of men under the sun, it would not be right not to speak some words to you in the noble language of your forefathers and your race. Of all the lands that struggled for the faith of Christianity, it was Ireland that waged the noblest, the hardest and the most effectual battle; and after Latin and Greek, it was by means of the Irish language that the greatest amount of good was achieved for humanity, and by which the greatest numbers were brought to the gospel and to a knowledge of Christ. For many centuries before the languages now spoken were known, before a word of English, French or German was uttered, missionaries from Ireland, with Gaelic on their tongues and love of God in their hearts, were traveling the world and bringing men to a knowledge of the way of salvation. We pray God that he may vouchsafe to leave you with us for many years to come,—that you may remain long over us in order that you may have another opportunity of better knowing our love for you, and that we may have another opportunity of showing our respect and honor for you again.

JUDGE MORAN'S ADDRESS.

Judge Moran, of the Appellate Court, testified in the opening of his address to the affection, respect and reverence felt toward Archbishop Feehan by clergy and laity alike, and to their love and loyalty for the church, in whose hierarchy the archbishop holds so elevated, dignified and responsible a place. The speaker next referred to the growth of Catholicism in this country, as evidenced in church edifices and educational and charitable institutions. Concerning these he said:

"These all stand as monuments to the earnestness and generosity of the Catholic population. They were built by the voluntary contributions of the people, by the personal sacrifices and savings of the priests, and the untiring industry, self-denial and economy of brothers and nuns. They evidence the influence which Catholic faith exercises where the people are in possession of civil and religious liberty. They testify what can be accomplished by a believing flock when unhampered by state interference; what can be done by a free church in a free state. Upheld by the fidelity and generosity of her children, moved by the enthusiasm of a body of learned and zealous clergy, directed by the wisdom and prudence which have characterized your administration, growth and prosperity have marked the course of the church along every line of work in this wonderful city. As citizens of Chicago we may share the just pride of our fellow citizens in the marvelous material development and magnificent industrial and intellectual accomplishments which place this community in the van of the nineteenth century progress, and so may we as Catholics point with exultation of soul to these signs of our Catholic spiritual and intellectual progress, and without fear that we will suffer by the comparison suggested."

The speaker next drew attention to the attendance in the Catholic parochial schools, and how dear they are to the archbishop. There were those who, out of the abundance of their ignorance and impelled by their bigotry against the Catholic faith, cried out against the education of children in these schools as being in some manner dangerous to American free institutions. Upon this point the speaker said:

"Let me ask who that could have witnessed the demonstration of the children of the Catholic parochial schools of this city in this audience room this morning in honor of your Grace and as an expression of their congratulations on this happy occasion could think that their education in love for their country was neglected? Who that could hear, as you heard them, after singing the hymn of jubilee and thanksgiving appropriate to the event, voicing with all the enthusiasm of their loyal young hearts the hymns and songs of the republic, could doubt that love of this grand country and its free institutions and genuine, sincere American patriotism were taught in the Catholic schools? The intelligent and patriotic Catholic citizen has reached the conviction that securing to the rising generation the education that is imparted in these schools is the surest guarantee of the permanent preservation of our free institutions. To preserve civil liberty a people must have and practice the virtues which exist only where morality is based on religion. Our people have made sacrifices for the establishment and maintenance of these schools; they will support, increase and preserve them; they will know how to resent and to prevent any impertinent interference with the control or management of these schools, no matter from what direction that attempt is made and however specious may be the pretext for such interference."

In conclusion Judge Moran referred feelingly to the auspicious occasion that united thousands in the great hall, and how Americans, Irishmen, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Bohemians and Poles, diverse in language and in national customs but one in faith, expressed to the archbishop, each in the deepest and tenderest words of his native tongue, his sincere, heartfelt and affectionate congratulations on his silver jubilee.

A. C. Hessing spoke in German. Remarks were also made by P. C. Harbour, who spoke for the French Catholics; John Mikonk, who spoke for the Bohemians, and Lincoln De Valo, who spoke on behalf of the colored Catholics.

A beautifully engrossed address bound in red morocco, with gilt edges, was presented to the archbishop by P.J Cahill on behalf of the Catholic Order of Foresters. The Union Catholic Library also contributed its portion to the general felicitation by presenting a warmly worded address. The archbishop then arose to speak, and first bowing in respectful reverence, the audience indulged in enthusiastic plaudits. The prelate said: "I would that I could tonight invoke some spirit of eloquence to give adequate expression to my thoughts and feelings at this hour. The scene is a grand lesson of inspiration and faith, for you come here to make profession of your catholic faith and in the goodness of your hearts to express loyalty to that faith and its humble representative, myself. You come tonight children of many nations, but invited tonight by a common creed. We have heard tonight the language of many lands, and I may be pardoned for dwelling for a moment on the language of Erin, whose sons have found here the liberty denied them at home. You have listened kindly, too, to one of the dark race which has our sympathy and love. Fifty years ago Chicago had 200 Catholics and one church; now there are 500,000 in the archdiocese of Chicago alone. We are all united in a bond stronger than death in the united glorious Catholic faith. As mountain streams unite in one mighty torrent so do we commingle in a flood of spiritual love."

Lifting his hand heavenward and bending with a suggestion of loving tenderness toward the bowed forms before him, the archbishop prayerfully invoked God's choicest blessings on his people. The silver jubilee was at an end.

PERSONAL.

The many friends of Capt. Lawrence R Buckley, who lost his wife only a short time ago, will be sorry to learn of the death of his little daughter, Minnie, which occurred last week.

MATRIMONIAL.

MAGUIRE-MANGAN.

Mr. James Maguire, of No. 55 Brown street, and Miss Mary Mangan, No. 202 Dakoven street, this city, were married on Wednesday evening at the Holy Family (Jesuit) church on West Twelfth street. Mr. Patrick F. Higgins acted as best man, and the bridesmaid was Miss Mary O'Rorke. The attendance of personal friends at the nuptial ceremony was very large. After their return from an extended bridal tour, Mr. and Mrs. Maguire will be at home to their friends at No. 55 Brown street.

The Archbishop's Portrait.

All children in the Catholic parochial schools, city and county, who have not already received a portrait of Archbishop Feehan, specially issued by H. R Eagle & Co., will be supplied gratis with the same by applying to that firm, No. 68 Wabash avenue.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Just Near Enough and Not Too Near!

The World's Fair Site is

DAUPHIN PARK!

S. E GROSS' IDEAL RESIDENCE SUBDIVISION,

On the Illinois Central and Calumet Electric Railroads, between 87th and 93d-sts., State-st., and Cottage Grove-av

Just Near Enough and Not Too Near

The Great Manufacturing Centres,

SOUTH CHICAGO AND PULLMAN.

This subdivision, owing to its excellent location, advantages, and improvements, is rapidly becoming the favorite site for residence for people employed not only in the city, but in South Chicago and Pullman. Anyone expecting to be employed on the World's Fair Buildings or in the preparation of the ground can find no more satisfactory location for a home that can be secured at a reasonable price.

The Calumet Electric Railroad

Now being built through Dauphin Park on 93d st. and Cottage Grove-av., will bring the World's Fair site within 5 minutes' ride of Dauphin Park. Three miles of the road now in operation. Illinois Central Suburban Trains also make the run from Dauphin Park to the site in the same time. The Elevated Road also has a route laid out on 87th st., the northern boundary of the subdivision. Five railroads now run within two blocks. Splendid residence and business lots

$550, $650, $700, AND UPWARDS,

$50 CASH, BALANCE $10 MONTHLY. The improvements already made on the property are the best. Fine sidewalks, beautiful shade trees and graded streets. One of the city's largest water mains now in on Cottage Grove av. MANY FINE RESIDENCES NOW BUILT, others being erected on every hand.

TO VISIT DAUPHIN PARK call at my main office and be taken free any day at 10:30 or 1:30. Take I. C. R. R. trains to Dauphin Park. Branch Office in depot open daily. Parties unable to go week days can take my

Sunday Special Train,

Leaving I. C. R. R. Depot, at the foot of Randolph st., stopping at all stations, SUNDAY, Nov. 9, at 2 p. m. FREE TICKETS for special at depot 10 minutes before train time.

S. E. Gross.

Southeast Corner Dearborn and Randolph-Sts.

Top to Bottom.

Each of the four floors closely packed with new and perfect goods, and just what you want—that's the beauty of it. You can recall our wonderful, sweeping time last summer, no doubt. Old goods went in all directions, and to-day we say new goods, very new, fresh in materials and styles at our usual price. Claim best for the least number of dollars. Cassimere Cheviot Suits, double and single breasted, very nobby, $12 to $20.

Overcoats—the handsome sort, nearest to custom tailored yet offered—$10 to $40.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

145 State Street.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
79 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

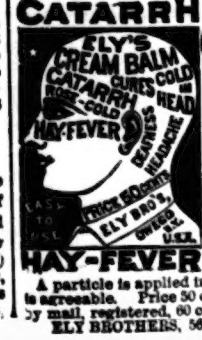
COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS.

Classes: Beginners' Class, Monday. Advance Classes, Tuesday and Friday, 25 cents a person. Soirees, Wednesday evenings, 25 cents per couple. Society and Dancing hall for rent.

CLINE & KELLY, Proprietors.

A CATHOLIC OF GOOD HABITS AND fair education wanted in several sections of United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay to industrious person. References. BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay-st., New York.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM



HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren-st., N. Y.

GOD'S MUSIC.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water and air and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
He speaks and the waters flow;
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams,
A tender song like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man.
—F. E. Weatherly in Temple Bar.

FOR ISOBEL.

Not long since, it was while yet the public excitement ran high in connection with discoveries made when the old Bauderet house, on Bourbon street, New Orleans, was torn down, I was told the story of Augustin Verot.

It was in the year 1839 that this young man, rich, gifted and handsome, came to New Orleans to spend a winter with Charles Marot Bauderet, whose acquaintance he had formed in Paris. The two men were of the same age, and their tastes were similar. Verot had been captivated by Bauderet's wit, learning and subtile personal charm. In turn, Bauderet's imagination was touched into singular activity and his sympathies borne away by Verot's magnetic genius.

It is rare indeed that two young men, poets both, find such an overmastering mutual interest flowing between them. Their friendship became at once a passion.

When Bauderet left Paris after a year's sojourn there he exacted a promise from his new friend that he should come to New Orleans and spend some months with him. Thus it came about that early in the autumn of 1839 Verot arrived, after a pleasant voyage, and took up his abode in the Bauderet mansion on Bourbon street.

Charles Marot Bauderet, as some of my readers will remember, was a bachelor orphan, occupying the large, silent old house all alone, save that he was surrounded with many faithful slaves.

The house was a low, far spreading, gloomy brick structure, whose immensely thick walls and small windows gave it a jail like appearance. Vines clambered over it from base to roof, and it was embowered in dusky trees. Surrounding it was a high brick wall topped with a picketing of iron. The gates were massive, and closed with huge spring locks that could be opened only from within. They were attended by statuesque keepers as black as night.

Bauderet was descended from a family of buccaneers. His wealth was the result of ancestral piracy, murder and rapine. In the young man's blood burned the taint of unbridled passion, and in his brain a lawless imagination held high carousal. His poems were, like those of Poe, Baudelaire and Villon, suffused with something that suggested madness, but the young man showed no sign of an unsound mind. On the contrary, he was brilliantly, fascinatingly sane and logical in his conversation. He went little into society and entertained scarcely at all, in the general meaning of the word. A few friends, rarely more than one at a time, were admitted through his protentous looking gates and into his luxurious twilight parlors and dusk dim library. He was a connoisseur of wines, cigars and old books; he smoked almost incessantly, rarely drank to excess, read mediæval poetry and in his conversation was much given to advancing preposterously romantic theories touching almost all the relations of life.

When Verot arrived Bauderet met him at the wharf with every outward show of irrepressible delight; but the young Parisian at once felt that some great change had taken place in his friend. At first he was inclined to fear that Bauderet was not sincere in his expressions of affectionate joy over his arrival; but soon enough the mystery was adequately explained. Bauderet was in love. His whole nature was absorbed in the new passion.

Mlle. Des Champs was the daughter of a retired planter, whose home was but a few steps from Bauderet's gate. Recently the poet had met her. To meet her was to love her, and now he could find room for no other thought. Isobel Des Champs was the subject of his most eloquent conversation, his strangely melodious poetry, his curiously brilliant sketches in water colors.

Verot found Bauderet's house a very palace of enchantment; so vague and yet so effective were the impressions made by its rich tapestry, its massive mahogany furniture, its dim vistas of books and pictures and its solemn silence. The young patrician Frenchman had been accustomed to old houses, but here, in this city of the New World, his creole friend had given him the freedom of one that seemed filled with an antiquity far greater than the Roman buildings of France could boast of—even the most ruined in old Provence.

Bauderet was anxious to have Verot see Isobel Des Champs, and, of course, the young visitor, especially after Bauderet's eloquent description, felt quite willing to meet the beautiful girl. Nor was he in the least disappointed when he saw her; indeed, her loveliness so far surpassed expectation, so dwarfed all former visions of maidenly attractiveness, that Verot was struck to the heart by her first glance.

If Isobel captivated Verot it was not a loss of love at first sight, for the handsome Parisian did not fail to impress her imagination in turn. From the moment of their first meeting they were ardent lovers, as everybody could plainly see, save only Bauderet. So lost in the infatuation of absolute devotion was he that he could see nothing but Isobel's dazzling beauty, could hear nothing but the rich, low music of her creole voice.

Soon enough Verot was in the seventh heaven of a successful courtship—not courtship, but love telling and love listening—while poor Bauderet went right on in blissful enjoyment of his imaginary lordship of Isobel's heart.

The autumn sped; the winter went like a dream, and out flashed the orange blooms, out poured the mocking bird songs, heavily drooped the roses by the walls. The breezes from the gulf were sweet and fragrant; the sky was like a great pale violet tent shutting in the world with a wavering mist dream of spring.

The time was approaching for Verot to depart for France, when one morning he informed Bauderet that he and Isobel were to be married, and would set sail within a fortnight to make Paris their home.

At first Bauderet was stupefied by the announcement. He gazed almost vacantly into his friend's eyes, while his face grew deadly white. Not a feature moved, however, nor did the quiet smile quite go from his firm, thin lips. It was an admirable exhibition of that self control which in those days was so much cultivated by gentlemen who were in the habit of settling all matters of personal disagreement at the point of sword or muzzle of pistol.

Of course Verot had counted the cost, and fully expected a duel, but he was pleasantly surprised to find that Bauderet would not demand a meeting. Furthermore, instead of appealing to the code the host who had been so cruelly robbed took the turn of affairs with a philosophic resignation truly admirable. After the first great struggle against the terrible disappointment which the disaster to his hopes had brought he drew close to his friend and wished him great joy.

Verot was both touched and awed by the strange change that came over Bauderet's face and manner. It was a slow, mysterious transformation of the man. His face took on an inscrutable mask of quiet, almost serene, resignation, behind which something suggested immeasurable depths of poignant suffering. In his eyes at times burned a light which startled Verot and haunted his dreams at night.

Love predominates everything, however, and the passionate young Parisian was so bewildered and blinded in the rose mist of happiness that the deepest significance of Bauderet's conduct was entirely lost to him. He was aware of nothing much besides his impending nuptials, the tender glory of the semi-tropical spring time and the wild flutings of the lusty mocking birds.

About this time, as is now known, Bauderet went frequently to see an old negress, a voudoo charm weaver, and procured from her a phial of hideous poison—a black liquid, thick, rank, frenzy bearing—made from the heads of snakes, the tails of scorpions and the roots of various deadly weeds all steeped together for many days. Among the African voudoo workers this liquid was known by an appellation which meant "brain burner." It was said to induce madness of the most hopeless kind. Its concoction was attended with the most solemnly horrible of rites and incantations.

It was the night before Isobel and Verot's wedding day. Bauderet appeared to be in better spirits than usual; he had some rare old wine brought into the library, and he and Verot sat up till late drinking and smoking, while they permitted themselves perfect freedom in conversation.

Although, as I have said, their tastes were similar, no two men could have been less alike in personal appearance than were Verot and Bauderet. The Parisian was tall, athletic, fair, with blue eyes and yellow, curling hair, while the creole was dark, slight, black eyed, mysterious looking, possessing the singular magnetism of a face at once handsome and inscrutable. Bauderet's slightness was not physical frailty, however, for he was a noted swordsman, possessed of extraordinary nervous energy.

It was late in the night and the lamps were burning low, the flames flickering faintly and faltering in their brazen sockets among the pendant crystal brilliants, when Bauderet arose and said:

"Well, my dear old fellow, it is growing late, and you must not be drowsy on your wedding morn. One more cigar—just one—the best that Cuba ever gave to the lips of man, and then to your dreams."

He fetched from a little hanging cabinet a small ivory box curiously carved and mounted in gold, out of which he took two large oscuros separately wrapped in silver foil. One of these he handed to Verot, at the same time lighting the other.

"The last two of a priceless lot sent me two years ago by a friend at Havana," he said.

Verot daintily brushed the almost black cigar across his nose to inhale its fragrance, and instantly recoiled, for there came from it a strange, insinuating and unbearable stench.

"That is nothing," laughed Bauderet, with a hollow, brutal ring in his voice that startled Verot. When you light it the smell disappears, and the smoke is exquisitely fine. See!" and he puffed a light cloud toward his friend's nostrils. "Isn't that incomparable bouquet?"

Verot put the cigar between his teeth and tried to light it, but the thrill of atrocious evil that flashed through his nerves caused him to let it fall.

"It's horrible!" he exclaimed. "I can't bear it!"

"Oh, what womanish qualms!" remarked Bauderet, almost testily, picking up the fallen oscuro and handing it to his guest. "Smoke it; this may be our last night together, and—and"——

Something in Bauderet's voice appealed to Verot's sympathy, while at the same time it made his heart almost sink. A man lying in his coffin, ready to be buried alive, might have had such a strain in his voice. His face was white, with that ghastliness which comes in extreme moments to a dark countenance, and his eyes, strangely dilated, burned with a dusky, deep set brilliance.

"You know how I feel, Verot—you know how I feel."

Again the Parisian essayed to light the cigar; but the thing was not possible. He flung it aside after inhaling one intolerable draught of its smoke.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bauderet. "You have less courage than I supposed; but then you Parisians, as I've often told you, are a degenerate set."

Verot had risen, and now stood towering above his host, his magnificent frame expanding and a determined look in his fine, fair face.

"That cigar was poisoned!" he exclaimed, with dramatic energy of expression.

"Oh, surely not!" said Bauderet, with immediate concern, stooping and picking it up. He put it to his nose.

"Why, that is strange!" he cried. "What can it mean?"

The two men looked steadily, searchingly into each other's eyes, and slowly but clearly read the whole situation. One was aware that his deadly purpose had been discovered, the other knew that death was lurking for him in every corner of that gloomy old house. Verot was the first to speak.

"How shall we settle this?" he demanded, in a hard, dry tone.

Bauderet laughed sardonically and puffed lazily at his cigar, meantime shrugging his shoulders as if the matter were of light consequence to him.

"I think the best way to settle it is to go to bed and sleep it off," he remarked, with a half yawn.

"Scoundrel, villain, murderer!" exclaimed Verot, permitting for the moment his indignation to master him, "you shall answer to me now!"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish," said Bauderet calmly. "My sword room is but a step from here. Follow me if you're not afraid."

Verot followed, but not without a strange sense of insecurity. It was as if some treachery were about to be sprung upon him at every step while they passed through two or three dim rooms and along a low, narrow passage between damp brick walls, then into a bare, windowless little room.

"See here," said Bauderet, stopping close to one of the dismal walls, "this doesn't look like a door, does it?"

He fumbled a moment about a certain spot, pressed a hidden spring and pushed open a low shutter, disclosing another cell like apartment, dank, grimy and ill smelling. Into this Verot followed him. They halted and faced each other, a little lamp carried by Bauderet lighting up their drawn and ghastly faces.

"We can settle our little trouble here without the slightest fear of being interrupted. This is where, as I have heard, one of my reckless kinsmen, who formerly owned the house, used to confine stolen slaves what time he was awaiting a chance to run them off. Nobody living save myself knows that this room exists."

He smiled cynically, and lifting the lamp gazed around at the slime on the reeking bricks. Then he made a little petulant motion and said:

"The swords—the rapiers—I have forgotten them. Hold this lamp a moment, please!"

Verot mechanically accepted the proffered light; but as he did so something in Bauderet's look, or in his movement, put him on his guard, or rather startled him a little.

"You'll not be afraid to stand here a moment while I go fetch the swords, will you?"

He placed peculiar accent on the word "afraid," and Verot felt his blood tingle in response to the insinuation.

"You shall soon have your test of skill as well as of courage," he responded; "but if you are going back after weapons you'd better take the lamp. I can wait without it."

"This is not a pleasant waiting room," sneered Bauderet, again letting his eyes slowly sweep the loathsome little cell.

He was still smoking the smoldering black cigar, and the pale rings of fragrance slowly strayed in the chill, damp air.

"Don't stand there like that," said Verot savagely, "or I'll stamp you into the floor."

"A coward would do that," retorted Bauderet, taking two or three light backward steps and pausing in the little doorway. "I have some doubts of your honor, or ought to have."

"Fetch the rapiers, sir," was all that Verot said. His terrible anger was mastering him.

Bauderet retreated one more step, then with a fiendish leer laid his hand on the heavy shutter.

"You command, but I shall take my own time to obey," he remarked in a tone of constrained excitement. "How should you like to wait in this little boudoir until your bride comes to you?"

Like a flash the meaning and the purpose of Bauderet's words and movements leaped through Verot's mind. Already the door was slowly swinging shut.

So frightful was the thought, with its infinite suggestions of horror, that the tall Parisian stood for a single moment paralyzed.

"Good night forever, Augustin Verot. May your dreams be sweet," said Bauderet.

Slowly, steadily, the door, which was in reality a hinged section of the massive wall, swung round.

Verot let fall the lamp, which, clanging brazenly on the brick floor, remained sputtering and burning there with a strange, fantastic light. Something like a death chill shivered through the air.

One long bound the Parisian made, uttering a low, harsh cry of rage and terror as he was caught between the closing door and the jaw of the doorway.

There was a struggle like the fighting of wild beasts, the men growling and panting in the extremity of their brutal straining and tearing.

Presently a body was heaved and flung. It fell in the center of the cell, and lay ghastly and motionless beside the fast dying lamp flame. Then the ponderous door went to with a dull thump and a sharp click of the hidden spring.

One of the rivals stood on the outside of the cell panting and quivering, the white froth clotted on his lips; the other lay limp and lifeless within.

* * * * * *

The mystery, which for nearly fifty years had hung over the old Bauderet homestead, was cleared up when the house was torn down. The laborers came in the course of their work to a low, narrow, hidden room, damp and repulsive, in the middle of which lay a skeleton clothed in rotten garments. This was the body of Charles Marot Bauderet, whose sudden disappearance about the time of the marriage of Isobel Des Champs to Augustin Verot had given rise to so many wild stories. In fact, so absolute had been the mystery that not the faintest clew to the missing man had ever been found until this revelation by the workmen divulged everything.

Immediately after the discovery of Bauderet's skeleton inquiry was begun as to the whereabouts of Verot, who was traced and found, an old man, widowed and childless, penniless and friendless, on the island of Corsica. He told his story as I have told it to you, and, as if the relief from the long strain of his hideous secret had relaxed his whole being, he fell at once into a state of collapse, from which nothing could rally him. He died in his seventy-fourth year, muttering with almost his last breath:

"Isobel, Isobel, it was all for you! I gave him the grave he meant to give me. It was a close and silent tomb, but at last—at last—it—has—given—ah!—given up—its—secret!"—Maurice Thompson in New York Ledger.

The Man with a Loud Voice.

As a safe rule the man who howls at his dog in the field may be put down as a poor sportsman, and the dog that is howled at as a poor dog. For the matter of that, the dog which finds game for a noisy master usually does about what his dog sense tells him to. The very fact of the man's noisy demonstrations implies that he cannot make his dog obey. With dogs as with horses, the master who handles them best is not he whose voice can be heard in the next county. The quiet control of horse or dog is the only true mastery.

There is nothing to be said for noise in the field. Properly trained, a dog will obey as readily and as intelligently and as effectively a motion of hand, or gun, or head, as the bawling and roaring of a Boanerges. It is true that the dog exhorter may thereby secure a needed and beneficial degree of lung exercise; but he is not at all likely to secure so large a count of game. Of all sounds that startle the birds that of the human voice is most certain to alarm them. Every expert gunner knows this and keeps still. The shouter is a tyro; or if he shouts year after year he is certainly a poor sportsman, and when in company with others who do not share his noisy proclivities, he is voted a general nuisance. Many a grouse has been lost for no other reason than because it was startled and flushed by ill timed speech.—Forest and Stream.

The Temple of Incas.

A correspondent writes from Peru to The Germania that the remains of a temple, dating back from the period of the Incas, have been discovered while clearing the ground for a small place on one of the affluents of the upper Maranon, in the great plain which lies at the foot of the eastern Cordillersa. There was an inclosing wall of great extent, fully eighty inches thick, the inclosure within being divided by other walls into halls and smaller chambers. The plan and the painted inscriptions resemble what has been found in other places ascertained to be ancient Peruvian temples.

Hence it is inferred that this also was a similar temple. Several buildings of this kind have been found scattered over Peru. The Spaniards demolished them and floods bearing quantities of sand from the Cordilleras covered over the remains, to be succeeded later by a growth of shrubs, and even trees, quite hiding from view the masonry underneath. The Peruvian government has been moved by this recent discovery, and some regular excavations will be undertaken on sites where temples and even towns are known to have existed prior to the conquest.

New York People Eat Lots of Meat.

Besides the great influx of western meat there arrived in New York, at the great stock yards in Jersey City and the New York Central yards in 1889, 380,000 cattle, 300,000 calves, 2,000,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,750,000 hogs, making 270,000,000 pounds of beef, 36,000,000 pounds of veal, 80,000,000 pounds of mutton and lamb, and 262,500,000 pounds of pork. Counted with the western meats this makes, for the amount of butchers' meat eaten by the 3,000,000 people in the metropolitan district—New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Yonkers and so on—somewhere about 470,000,000 pounds; 235,000 tons of beef; 76,000,000 pounds or 38,000 tons of veal; 85,000,000 pounds or 42,500 tons of mutton and lamb, and 276,500 pounds or 8,250 tons of pork last year. This makes a grand total of 458,750 tons of meat—907,500,000 pounds—consumed by New York and vicinity in one year. That means about one pound a day for each man, woman and child—twice as much as is eaten in London.—New York News.

A Good Place for a Fight.

"Dog fights were very popular in that town. One particularly lively party of sports had great luck in evading the police. They hunted high and low for them, but never found them. They don't know to this day where the fights were held."

"I suppose you know. Where were they held—if there's no harm in telling."

"Well, they were held in the cellar of the barn of the chief of police."—Lewiston Journal.

Why He Fled on Saturday.

Bjenks—Whither?

Bjones—As far from this town as I can get. Back Monday.

Bjenks—Wherefore?

Bjones—Because I see that our Sunday paper is to contain four hundred and fifty columns and eight supplements.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Catarrh Cured,
ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you, FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its vigorous stages. Over one million cases of this dread ful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address,

Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren Street, New York.

McAVOY
BREWING COMPANY

PURE BARLEY MALT

LAGER BEER.

2349 SOUTH FARK-AVE.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.,

MALTSTERS AND

LAGER BEER

Brewers,

28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO.

COOKE
Brewing Co.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers, Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

TELEPHONE 8298.

Joseph Schlitz
Brewing Company.

MILWAUKEE,

REPRESENTED BY

EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.

Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 39TH STREET,

Chicago, Ill.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated Salvator Beer.

PILSENER LAGER BEER

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

RUN

Fast Trains with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Fast Trains, with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Colonist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore.

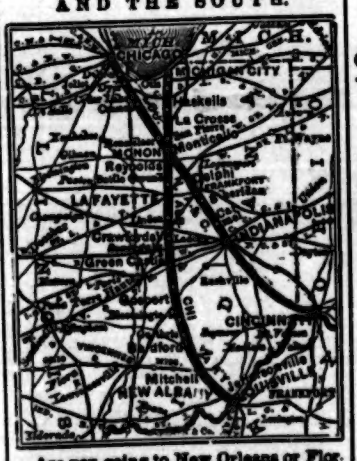
Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to Agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. Ainslie, General Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.
J. M. Hannaford, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. Barlow, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
Louis Eckstein, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

MONON ROUTE
Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Ry.

THE PULLMAN CAR LINE TO INDIANAPOLIS CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE AND THE SOUTH.



Are you going to New Orleans or Florida? If so send and get our descriptive matter of the Great World's Fair and the Winter Resorts of Florida. Via this line you are permitted to stop off and visit the World Renowned Mammoth Cave. City Ticket Office, 73 Clark-st., Chicago.

JAMES BARKER,
General Passenger Agent

NATIONAL DIRECTORY.

THE WONDERFUL SCHEME OF A ST. LOUIS INVENTOR.

He Proposes to Keep Track of Every Person in the United States—Useful in Hunting Wrongdoers—A Machine for Measuring Heads.

While looking for a furnished room in a tenement and office building near the corner of Fourth and Market streets last night a reporter from the Globe-Democrat stumbled upon a genius who was burning the midnight oil in a back dingy room up two flights of stairs. To reach this obscure retreat the reporter had groped his way through devious halls and passages where darkness was as palpable as the rats which scampered over his feet. Knocking at a door through which shone a dim gleam of light, the intruder was invited to enter a scantily furnished room, where the marks of hard times and industry vainly tried to obliterate each other. The occupant of the room was a tall, slim, serious man, somewhat in need of a shave, and attired in garments little less rusty than the room itself.

There was no carpet on the floor of this apartment; on the whitewashed walls hung a saw; in one corner stood a table strewn with books and scraps of paper; the bed was covered with a red calico spread, and the appearance here and there of pieces of crockery among the odds and ends of old clothing gave evidence of the carelessly concealed culinary of a bachelor's hall. It matters not how the talk between the reporter and the serious man drifted into the discussion of the latter's affairs, but so it did, and soon the outline of a gigantic enterprise was being poured into an attentive ear.

D. B. Bradley is the name of the man who unfolded a scheme for a national directory.

THE SCHEME EXPLAINED.

No confidence is violated in publishing the details of the enterprise, as the plans have been copyrighted. and all that is required to place them in practical operation are the energy of capital and the establishment of a newspaper to acquaint the public with their advantages.

"You see," said Mr. Bradley, "it is like this: I will have an agent in every town and county of the United States to get names and furnish them to the central office. It will cost them that has their names in the directory fifty cents apiece for enrollment, and a stamp to identify theirselves by. Every man will be registered in this way: say, for instance, 'G. A. Moore, No. 3, book M, vol. 2, Nineteenth century.' Now suppose Moore lives in St. Louis and goes to California. His friends doesn't know where he's gone, and want to write to him; what do they do? Why, they just write to this directory, and the directory forwards the letter."

"Free?"

"Oh, no; it will cost about ten cents."

"How will the directory know he's gone to California?"

"Why, he'll tell 'em of course. You see it's only honest citizens that will be expected to send in their names, and if any of 'em commit a crime we will have their record, thus making the directory a kind of detective business too."

"Suppose he don't tell the directory where he's gone?"

"Then that's his fault, and he don't get his letters. But we're liable to find out where he is, just the same. There's an identification goes along with the directory that practically prevents a man from losing himself."

Here the professor produced a nickel plated instrument of his own invention for taking head measurements. The production of this device caused Professor Bradley to branch off somewhat into phrenology. He explained that the human head was a globe like the earth, but not so large, of which the meridian line ran around the head through the ears and eyes.

PRIVATE NUMBERS.

"In addition to the public number above given," continued Professor Bradley, "every man will have a private number, which he can change at will. His public number and name is never changed, except by law. You know men sometimes have their names changed by statute. The advantage of being able to change the private number is easily shown. Say Moore's private number is 12, and he gives it away. Some other fellow attempts to personate him by using his name and number from some other town. As soon as the matter passes through the directory office two postal cards are sent—one to Moore at his regular address, and the other to his changed address. If there has been any monkeying it is detected right there, the number is changed and further fraud prevented."

"How long have you been working on this scheme?" asked the reporter.

"About eighteen years, but I've only been pushing it strong for the last four years. I went to Washington in 1887 and got eight congressmen, four senators and President Cleveland interested in it for a time, but they ain't done nothin' to amount to anything. I reckon I'll have to start the thing with private capital. I think I can get some help to start a weekly or monthly paper to advertise it. It won't take much money; the thing will pay its way from the start."

Besides the headometer and the directory Professor Bradley has invented a buggy wheel, an attachment for a piano to play any piece of written music mechanically; has written a book entitled "The Science of Mathematics," copyrighted two calendars and written the "Age of Reason" in several thousand stanzas of verse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How These Girls Love One Another!

Winifred (insinuatingly)—Mr. Randolph comes to see you every day, doesn't he?

Julia (with the sailor hat)—Oh, yes; but he's very easily entertained.

Winifred—He must be.—Life.

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; persist until a cure is effected. As a general rule, improvement follows shortly after beginning the use of this medicine. With many people, the effect is immediately noticeable; but some constitutions are less susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Perseverance in using this remedy is sure of its reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.

"For years I suffered from scrofula and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—C. N. Frink, Decorah, Iowa.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

OPIUM CURE.

Enslaving thousands. Habitude, your chains broken and a perfect cure effected quickly and painlessly. No Last Sleep, Pain, Nervousness or Exposure. Dr. KANE'S New Method. Dr. Kane was for years head of the great DeQuincey Hospital. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. Book, with testimony of 200 doctors Free. Dr. H. KANE, 174 Fulton St., N. Y.

1000 DOLLARS.

I will forfeit the above amount if I fail to prove that *Florestan* is the best remedy in the world for the speedy and permanent cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, and Consumption. I will gladly send a free bottle of this wonderful medicine, prepaid, to every reader of this paper, hoping all sufferers a chance to test its merits, free of cost. Over 10,000 testimonial letters on file from living witnesses who have been cured. Write to-day, stating your disease, or ask your Druggist for it and get well. Address PROF. HART, 88 Warren St., New York.

When Going to Europe,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.
MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons.
BRITANNIC, GERMANIC, ADRIATIC,
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND
AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, French, German and Scandinavian ports.
The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.
J. BRUCE ISMAY, G'l Ag't, 41 Broadway, New York.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR & STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD: General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Instantly Stopping ROSE TREATMENT—Bundles in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Interesting Book, explanation and proofs sealed (mailed free). Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THREE GREAT LIMITED TRAINS DAILY

LINKED TOGETHER BY THE
CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.
No Change of Cars between CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY and CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS.
Union Depots in EAST ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, and CHICAGO.
No other line runs
PALACE DINING CARS
between CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS, and ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY. Meals equal to those served in any First-Class Hotel; only 75 cents.
The finest
PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS
in the world are run in all Through Trains, day and night, without change, and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.
PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS
the finest, best and safest in use anywhere.
The best and quickest route from CHICAGO to MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS, and all points SOUTH via ST. LOUIS.
The Short Line to
Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska, Oregon, California, etc.
The GREAT EXCURSION ROUTE between the NORTH and SOUTH, and to and from the RICH FARM LANDS and the HEALTH RESORTS and MINING DISTRICTS of the West and South-west.
See that your tickets read via "CHICAGO & ALTON R. R."
For Maps, Time Tables, and all information, address
JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
220 Dearborn Street, Corner Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.
J. C. McMULLIN, Vice-President.
C. H. CHAPPELL, General Manager.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Room 25, 99 Washington st; John O'Neill, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 25, 99 Washington st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. P H Conley, H M E, 477 W Indiana st.; Chas. Langale, S C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, I S.; J V Cook, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John O'Neill, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr P H Conley, Peter Mueller, P Chambers, M A Kirschlen, Ludger Drolet, M W Murray, Henry C Johnson.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G E Brocken, F S; Dr G C Symes, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 126 W 12th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 245 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N J Franchere, Treas; Dr J W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash av and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3456 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3033 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Sheffield ave; George E Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Ro[illegible], C R, 451 W Ohio st; D D Hansen, R S, 8[illegible] W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m. last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Man[illegible], C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas, Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, 46 Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hus[illegible], C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Ri[illegible], C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somoman [illegible], Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somomauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousek, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Hooman, F S; H C Latos, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1026 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F M Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenbach, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Beidy, R S, 736 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Asheden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 93 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 1356 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavresse, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 3 p m, at Franchere's hall, 156 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 256 Sherman st; Frank A Rucora, R S, 559 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 245 S Jefferson st; Julius Raley, R S, 300 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Harnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symes, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 260 N Boyce av; Edmond C Exley, R S, 413 Washtenaw av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Pazel, C R, 268 Blue Island av; John Burgarad, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlenbeck, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 226 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 226 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Huth's hall, 50 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Bluebhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 E Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C S, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 243 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L La Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brickel, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 35 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 595 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donohoe, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 3949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 3617 Emerald av; C Niernbach, F S; Chas Trzeschik, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sangor st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Mahoney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

[illegible]tion Court No. 50, (Italian)—F [illegible], C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B La[illegible]ano, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaemen, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 558 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Washington Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jennison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Brady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Beehant, Treas; Dr. J H Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 275 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2588 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 561 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 559 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Ercll, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec. James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—F. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 622 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret 444 Orden av.; William Madden 476 W Fifteenth-Rec. Sec. James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Fin. Sec., Mark Hardin, 428 W. Twelfth st. Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 9—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 315 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Logan, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 8 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 8—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec. T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Engerman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 28 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 220 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2263 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec. James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Hauser's hall. Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, [illegible] V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 61 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3739 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 19—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Brenhahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 18—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 2831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 188 Blue Island-av

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., John McHerus, 3229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4426 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. No. 28—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 227 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1026 W. Lake st.

Div. No. 32—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3102 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3529 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Deshiel sts.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.
President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.
First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.
Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.
Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.
Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.
Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.
Sergeant at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 3158 W. Klaide-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Daniel Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 233 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 86 E S. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

O

1867. 1890.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

23rd Mortuary Anniversary

OF THE

Manchester Martyrs,

ALLEN, LARKIN and O'BRIEN,

WILL BE CELEBRATED

Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago,

AT CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 22.

Hon. M. J. KEANE will preside. several others will deliver addresses. MAYOR O'BRIEN, of St Paul, Minn., and Complete Programme will be published in next issue.

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS.

A TORPEDO ATTACK AT NIGHT

A Vivid Picture of "David" and "Goliath" in Modern Naval Warfare.

The opportunity comes—a dark night and tempestuous. The clouds have covered the stars like a pall, and there is a howling wind which drowns all other sounds. The pigmy vessel makes ready and puts to sea. It rushes along as swift as the wind and as silent as a calm. Big waves sometimes sweep over it from end to end as it plunges through the darkness, but they are not heeded. Small as it is, it is stanchly built and can stand the strain of storm as well as its adversary. All men save one are snugly shut inside, tending the flying engine and preparing the missile of destruction. This is a strange bolt, shaped like a cigar, over ten feet in length, and the crew place it in the bow tube. The man on deck stands behind a little iron tower which shields him from the shock of the waves, and there he steers the boat.

In the darkness they seek their adversary determinedly, and with deadly purpose, since they are the protectors of their native land. The boat searches for a time in vain, for the big ship has covered all lights and is lying like a sleeping monster upon the waves, awaiting morning to renew the havoc. Perhaps if the ship remained thus the little boat would never find her; but "Goliath" becomes uneasy: he fears "David" will make an attack, so he has determined to watch.

A dazzling cone of white light suddenly starts from a point in the darkness and broadens upon the water. Slowly it sweeps about over the sea in circling arcs. All at once the little boat is bathed in a brilliant, blinding glare. The monster's eye finds it! But in finding the enemy the battle ship has disclosed itself, and the dauntless little adversary steams straight forward at utmost speed. Streaks of flame are now shooting from under the white light, while the rattling reports of rifles and machine guns rise sharply above the wind's roar. Shot and small shell are falling about like hail upon the water, but the monster cannot keep the range of the onrushing boat, and the missiles fly wide of the mark.

Suddenly the great ship looms up—tall, long, shadowy, overpowering. It is not far off—almost near enough to be attacked. Yet a little closer, and the intrepid pigmy, still unharmed, slows and steadies, with that ominous black tube pointing toward the monster's blazing side. Shots are falling upon the boat, and the man who was steering has taken refuge in his iron tower; but inside there is a wheel, and he can steer as well as before, for around him on a level with his eyes are little slits through which he can see. Now seconds are precious if the brave little craft is to escape destruction. The moment has come! A lever is pulled, and from that black tube comes a short, hoarse roar. At once the little boat begins to turn, ready to escape with the speed of the wind.

But before the boat can turn a dull, heavy shock has jarred the sea. A gigantic column of white water rushes upward toward the black clouds. In it the tall masts of the monster ship seem to sway about and clash together. The banging of the guns is sharply succeeded by cries of human terror.

The mass of water falls back into the sea with a roaring crash and scatters over the waves in great wisps of glistening foam. The wind, sweeping on again, forms new waves over the disturbed water. The monster ship has disappeared—the Goliath of the deep is conquered by his pigmy antagonist.—John M. Ellicott in St. Nicholas.

No Fitting Necessary.

Women who find it difficult to spare the time and strength at the dressmaker's for the fitting and trying on of two or three gowns a season comment sometimes upon the trouble their more fashionable sisters must take who own dresses by scores. In point of fact the latter have an easier time getting twenty than the former three.

Most wealthy and dressy women have at their dressmaker's a gown form of themselves, which is a plaster of paris cast taken from life. Every detail of the corseted and bodiced figure to the waist line is accurately reproduced, and this half body is then mounted upon a skirt form of the same height as the customer.

Madame or mademoiselle, as the case may be, then spends a single morning with her dressmaker choosing fabrics, studying effects, indicating occasions for which gowns will be needed and the like to accomplish the season's wardrobe. The costumes are made up and fitted to her counterfeit presentment and when finished sent home, often not needing the alteration of a single hook or loop.—New York Times.

Tapioca.

The manioc or cassava is a native of South America, but it has been successfully introduced for cultivation into Africa and other tropical countries. It is a bushy shrub, six to ten feet high, with large leaves near the ends of the branches. The articles prepared for commerce come from the roots or tubers, which are large and like turnips, but frequently weighing as high as thirty pounds. They contain a milky juice rich in starch, but also rich in hydrocyanic acid, which makes the juice—in its natural state—a very deadly poison.

The acid is driven out by heat and the remainder of the juice is extracted by boiling. The grated root makes what is known in the tropics as cassava or cassava bread, and is used for food. The starch, extracted, is exported as Brazilian arrowroot, and tapioca is made from it by a heating process which bursts the starch granules and causes some chemical changes.—Good Housekeeping.

An Open Question.

Teddy—Mamma, don't Quakers take off their hats?

Mamma—No, my dear; their belief is such that they will not uncover their heads.

Teddy—Then how do they get their hair cut?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Pennsylvania's President.

Down at Cape May I met President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania railroad. Here was a man who had started out twenty or thirty years ago as a track hand, and who had come up through the mechanical and the executive branches of the business to be the president of the greatest railway in the world. His salaries—for he has several as president of the three or four corporations which are in the Pennsylvania system—aggregate $100,000 a year. Mr. Roberts shows the effect of his early training in the strong love which he has for the details of railroading.—Cor. Harrisburg Telegraph.

Ready Made Clothing.

I am sometimes amazed in passing the great ready made clothing establishments of Boston to note how differently they are regarded than formerly. It was less than a generation ago that they were patronized almost exclusively by workingmen, mechanics and farmers, who desired rough, cheaply made clothing. Merchants, bankers, professional men invariably left their measure with their tailors, and scorned what was familiarly termed "slop made" clothing. But a demand arose for fine grades of ready made clothing, and the alert American manufacturer was ready to meet the demand.

The demands of the customer were exacting, and to reach his high standard of excellence scientific methods were employed and competent designers. It was the old story of the relative cost of making one coat or of making 500. But there were men of peculiar shape who heretofore had been able to become fitted only by the custom tailor. He was too tall or too fat to be fitted from the ready made stock of the olden time. This difficulty was soon met and overcome until to-day, although the custom tailor has by no means disappeared, the ready made dealer has for his customers that class of men who once scorned him.—Boston Advertiser.

H.R.EAGLE

FANCY POLISHED

CHILD'S STOOL,

EACH 9 CENTS.

A GOOD

Carpet Sweeper

—FOR—

79 Cents.

A GOOD

BREAD BOARD

FOR

9 CENTS.

16 lbs Granulated Sugar for.....$1.00

Good Carolina Rice, per lb	5 cts
A Good Feather Duster for	5 cts
Job Lot Smoking Tobacco, per lb	9 cts
Lorillard's Fine-Cut Tobacco, per lb	25 cts
Job Lot Plug Tobacco, per lb	23 cts
A 3-lb Can Solid Meat Tomatoes for	7 cts
Sardines in Oil, per can	3 cts
California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	7½ cts
A 2-lb Jar Pure Fruit Jelly for	10 cts
A 3-lb Can Table Apples for	10 cts
A 5-lb Jar Pure Fruit Jelly for	38 cts

FLOUR.

	Barrel.
Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour	5.58
Washburn's Superlative Patent	5.78
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s Best Minnesota Patent Flour	6.28

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour	5.18

SOAPS.

35 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
22 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	1.00
20 cans Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
20 bars B-st Family Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb	25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per lb	35 cents
A Fin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb	50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb	25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb	35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, per lb	50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb	25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb	35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb	50 cents

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1 50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans C. Bros. Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3.10
2 lb cans California Egg Plums	12½c	1 50
2 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	12½c	1 50
2 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
2 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2 40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	12½c	1 50
2 lb cans Grated Pineapples	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	10c	1 15
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 60
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
2-lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8c	92
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	15c	1 70
2-lb cans Mason Bros.' Corn	8c	95
2-lb cans Princess SugarCorn	9c	97
2 lb cans Tremain SugarCorn	9c	1.05
2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn	11c	1 25

This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans California Salmon	9c	1.05
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	11c	1 20
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	17c	2 00
American Sardines in oil	8c	
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1.15
Imported Sardines, in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

The Chicago & Atlantic Railway,

In conjunction with the Erie System, operates Daily, Fast, Vestibuled Trains to the Seaboard. You may travel in Palatial, Pullman, Buffet Vestibule Sleeping Cars or Luxurious Pullman Vestibule Day Coaches, and save $1.50 to New York Buffalo and Niagara Falls; $2.35 to Albany and Troy, and $3.00 to Boston and New England cities.

No Rival Lines offers the advantages of a System of Through First and Second-Class Pullman Vestibule Day Coaches and Dining Cars, Chicago to New York. It is the Only Line operating Pullman Cars to Boston and New England via Albany.

For detailed information, tickets and reservation in Pullman cars, apply at the City Ticket Office, 107 S. Clark St., Grand Pacific Hotel, Palmer House, Dearborn Station, or to the Agencies of connecting lines of railways.

G. M. BEACH, General Manager. CHICAGO. F. C. DONALD, General Passenger Agent.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6.50 per cord delivered. Office and Yard 308 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

SULLIVAN BROS., Lawyers, 225 Dearborn-st., Suite 620 Mechanics', Laborers', and Material-men's Liens Enforced.

CHICAGO LAW AND COLLECTING AGENCY, 76 & 78 Fifth avenue. Wages and Bad Debts of all kinds collected at once, and all kinds of Law Business attended to by responsible lawyers.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors. 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'REILLY, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 242 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Headquarters for Imported Dilisk, 113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers

JAMES CUSHING, The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper, No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN E., Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 158 160, 162 & 164 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Easy Payments.

Ladies' Dress Goods. Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.

Jas. Clarke,

MANAGER,

Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

JOHN NAGHTEN & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS

Hibernia Insurance Company,

OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Chicago Office, 181 LaSalle-st.

TELEPHONE NO. 538.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. October Term, A. D 1890 Clara B. Meader vs Nelson L. Meader. In Chancery. No. 83,856.

Notice is hereby given to the said Nelson L. Meader that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1890, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. November Term, 1890. To Jay G. Newman and to all whom it may concern:

Take Notice that Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman have filed in said Probate Court a petition, praying for the appointment of Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman, or some other fit person, as conservators of Jay G. Newman, an insane or distracted person; the hearing of said petition will take place on the first day of the November term, A. D. 1890, on Monday, the 17th day of November A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, at which time and place you are hereby notified to attend and show cause, if any you have or can show, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

THOMAS W. SERROTT, Clerk.

Chicago, October 13, 1890.

Wing, Stough, Carter & Qualey, Solicitors for petitioners.

I CURE FITS

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Recommended as the Best.

Le Mars, Plymouth, Co., Ia., May, 1889.

I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.

F. BORNHORST.

St. Francis Wis. Oct 24, 1888

A member of my congregation used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results. The patient was so nervous that he could not find sleep for weeks. He suffered from the most intense anxiety which bordered on insanity. I gave the person some of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and he continued to use it. The appetite returned gradually, the anxiety disappeared the headache left, and to day the sufferer, who had almost despaired, is enjoying excellent health.

Bern. Elskamp. Pastor.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO., 50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price $1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for $5.

W. C. Scupham 63 State St.

E. H. Heller, 3023 Archer Av, Chicago.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED

SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN'S, M.D., Dublin.

(Ireland's Most Distinguished Physician).

RHEUMATIC & GOUT REMEDY

The most wonderful medical discovery of the age. Where everything else fails it cures. Highest testimonials. Money refunded to purchaser if a cure is not effected. Send $1 and we will express bottle with full directions. Address BRYAN G. McSWYNY, Sole Agent for United States,

SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY CO.,

240 Broadway New York

F. D. Kinsella & Co.

22 & 24 FOURTH-AV., Chicago,

Designers and Manufacturers of

Stained, Cut, and Embossed

Glass

For Churches, Residences, Halls and Buildings, &c.

1840 Fiftieth Anniversary. 1890

—OF THE—

OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE.

Carrying the British & U. S. Mails.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

EVERY SATURDAY FROM NEW YORK.

ALSO FORTNIGHTLY WEDNESDAY SAILINGS.

Besides a Weekly Service from Boston Every Saturday.

This Line Has the Largest, Fastest, and Most Magnificent Fleet in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for speed, comfort and safety (having never lost a passenger in the 50 years of its existence) requires no comment.

F. G. WHITING, Manager Western Dept. 131 Randolph St., (under Sherman House)

P. V. FITZPATRICK, 146 Twenty-second St

M. J. GERAGHTY 433 W. Twelfth Street. (Adjoining Jesuit Church.)

M. O'BRIEN,

House Mover.

Buildings Re-titled and Underpinned Substantial and Reasonable, by Experienced Workmen. Country Correspondence invited. Address—

M. O'BRIEN, 3 BLUE ISLAND AVENUE, CHICAGO.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.

IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.

Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, &c., made to order from photographs.

Prices Low—Send stamp for specimen sheets.

Metropolitan Press Agency, New York City.

KNIGHT'S

Blood Cure.

A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.

Unequaled for Purifying a Clear Complexion.

A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 3 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.

A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.

KNIGHT BOTANICAL CO., 232 Broadway, N.Y.